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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLIV No. 1882 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — FEB. 15 1936

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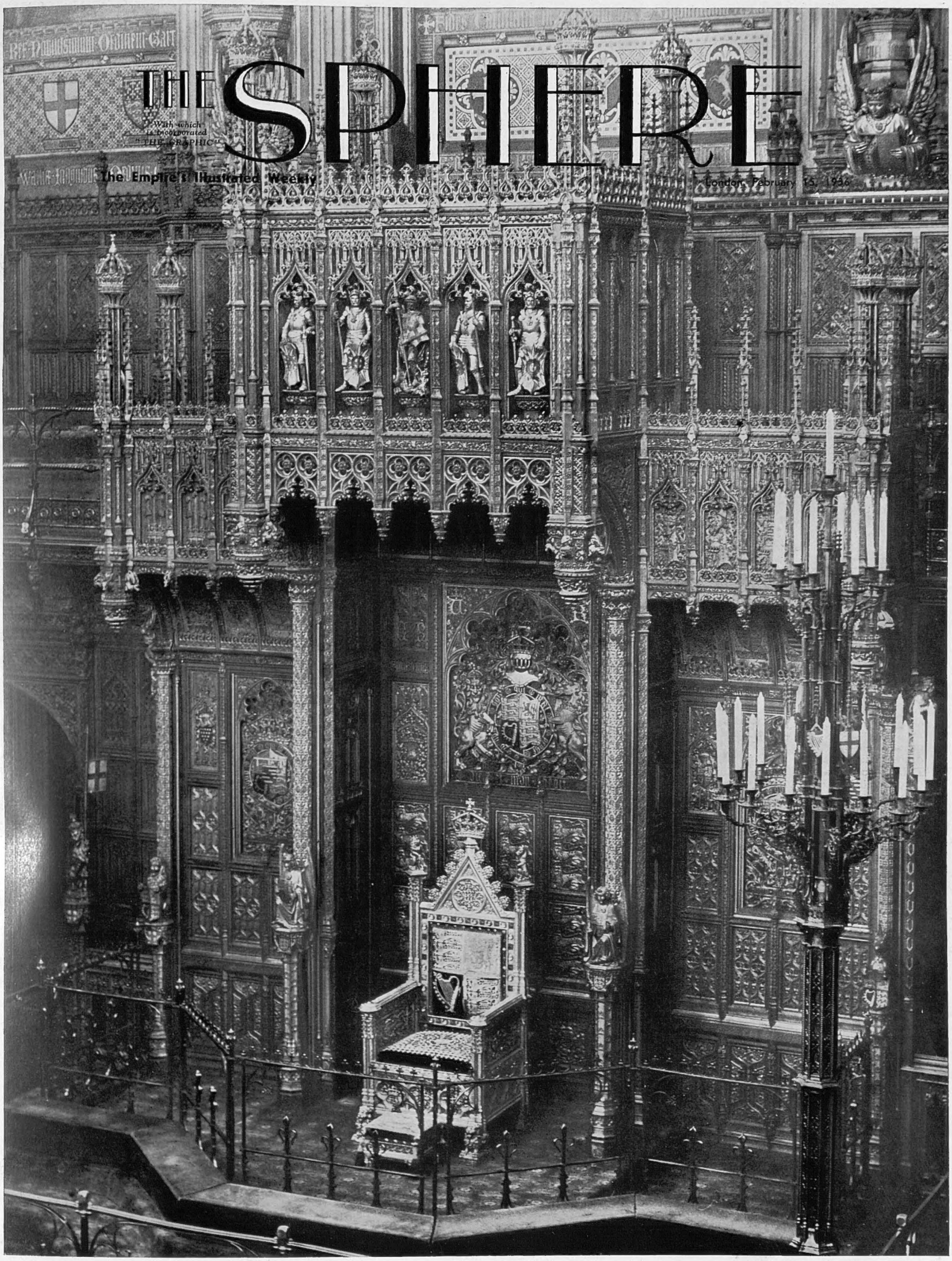
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, February 15, 1936



The Single Throne

A Change of Poignant Significance in the House of Lords

While the future holds the same promise under a monarch no less enlightened than his predecessor, a host of minor changes still tend to remind us of the glorious reign that is past; and none more so than the alteration in the House of Lords, scene for a quarter of a century of the gorgeous ceremonial and pageantry attendant upon the openings of Parliament by Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary. Now, as this picture shows, one of the two thrones has been removed from the dais beneath the richly decorative canopy, and here Edward VIII, the bachelor King, will stand alone as he makes his thoughts known to his faithful Lords and Commons

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

LONDON IN WINTER'S GRIP: So intense was the cold during last week-end that the troops at Buckingham Palace instead of standing during the changing of the guard, were given permission to walk up and down to keep warm

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, February 12, 1936.

PRIVATE MEMBERS' DAY.

—Private members' days in the House are sometimes holidays for cranks and dreamers. Mr. Lansbury had the luck of the draw last Wednesday, and he is an idealist more fine than practical. He produced a full-dress debate on a vital question—the peace of the world—and drew Cincinnatus from his Surrey farm. I think—could any think otherwise?—that he said a truism when he declared that the prime cause of world unrest was economic. Does any savage sharpen his sword until he has first sharpened his appetite? Every war since history began had its roots in economic pressure—the need for a place in the sun, for access to the sea, for raw materials, in a word for grist to the mill. Mr. Lansbury affected to believe that the nations in this year of grace, sitting once more round that groaning and well-worn round table, could produce peace by an investigation (leading to an agreement!) into the world's sources of supply of raw materials and areas available for settlement of surplus populations, an agreement which would pool for all nations what was found to be still available. Mr. Emrys Evans was alive to the impracticability of Mr. Lansbury's idealism. He admitted that the mills of Government grind slowly, but he thought they should be suffered to grind on unhampered by criticism. Cincinnatus (L. Caernarvon Boroughs) painted, as only he can paint, the lurid horrors of a world racing to war. As a maker of the so-called Peace Treaty of Versailles, he held that the present prime cause of rearmament was the mandated territories, and that the mandates should be forthwith reconsidered — not under League auspices but by the nations concerned round a table. One sympathises and agrees in principle but, drawing on one's experiences, one sees a pretty lurid picture of that table looking like the Somme in 1916, after two hours of discussion. It was to be observed how careful all speakers were to assure the House that the British Empire was not to be mulcted of an acre in the furtherance of the great ideal. Lord Cranbourne wound up statesmanly, not concealing the truth that the debate was chiefly of academic interest, but giving the House and country an assurance that the Government was moving along its stony path with its eye on the distant star, and that when the time was ripe it would do what it could to get the nations round the table again for another world economic conference. Meanwhile, we continue to rearm and to work for disarmament, and the economic sore must heal itself. What more could he say? Facts are facts, even when they are disagreeable facts.

A MESSAGE FROM HIS MAJESTY: Sir George Penny, Treasurer of the King's Household, about to leave for the House of Commons, where he delivered King Edward's reply to the address made on the occasion of King George's death. Sir George learnt the words by heart and recited them without a glance at the paper on which they were written

SMITHFIELD STRIKE LESSONS.

—The meat strike failed—as it deserved. It was badly organised and rashly conceived. It hung its hopes of success on the practical sympathy of the transport and dockers' unions, but transport beat it. First and last, its failure was due to public opinion, on which to-day all industrial stoppages for better conditions among workers depend for success. Public opinion favoured the miners' claims, and the miners' lot will gradually improve. But it did not sympathise with the Smithfield men, who foolishly attempted to starve the capital, when conciliation procedure, to which they had solemnly agreed, was available and at work. No charge was made against the employers in regard to their willingness to consider the stated grievances by the proper methods of conciliation. No doubt such grievances exist and call for settlement which has appeared protracted, as the machinery is new, but times are hard, and in these times the Smithfield men's conditions of living are by no means generally bad. In their job, too, they have very special responsibilities to the public. They were badly advised, too easily persuaded, and their defeat is on their own heads. It is fair to say that in the main the strikers behaved with moderation and good humour. The lesson is: Before you strike in these days, be sure that public opinion is with you, and even if it is, first exhaust all existing conciliation procedure to which you are pledged.

OUT-OF-DATE.

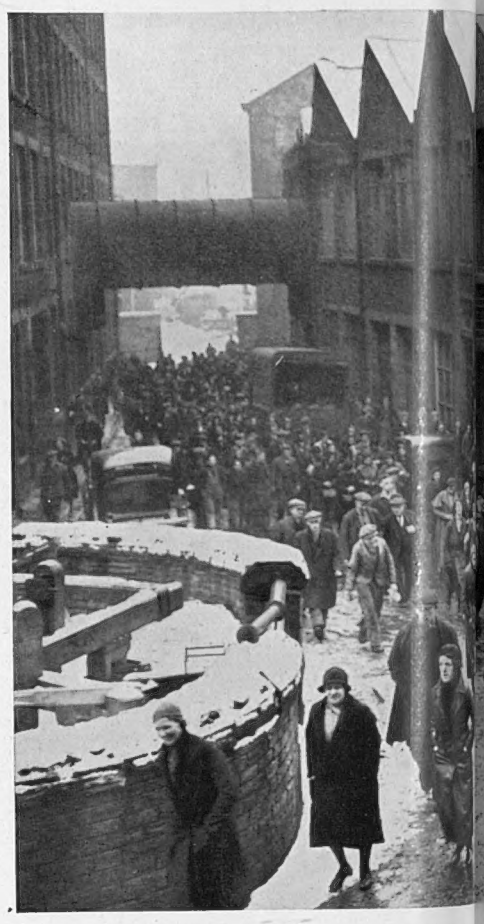
—It looks as if Lord de Clifford will be named in constitutional history. He will be the last peer to be tried by his peers. He brings a curiously varied list of such trials to a triumphant end with an acquittal, an acquittal which was, to those familiar with the laws of evidence, a foregone conclusion for which it needed not the heaviest guns of the Bench, massed and concentrated, to smash a way. Our democratic age has won another victory and destroyed one more ancient privilege. A peer has lost one more of his rights and must henceforth face a charge of felony like any ordinary man. It was interesting to read the arguments pro and con. of noble lords who spoke on Lord Sankey's motion. One or two hereditary diehards took their stand on Lord John Manners' famous poetic dictum:—

"But leave us still our old nobility."

Others put in a plea for the retention of the privilege in cases of treason. But none very seriously disputed the fact that such trials nowadays have outworn their usefulness and are antiquated and absurd survivals of an age of privilege which is as dead as the dodo. Nobility still has its responsibilities but it has ceased to have its privileges.

OBSCURE.—

Abyssinia in one sense is a happy spot. It still preserves an element of privacy, a (to some) blessing which scientific triumphs in communications and the good offices of ubiquitous press reporters have practically banished from the rest of the world. Even the top of Mount Everest, which bears the last ark of privacy, is likely soon to yield its treasure up. But Abyssinia manages wonderfully well to preserve its secrets. For months large tracts of its rugged features have been a battleground, but in spite of the efforts of trained correspondents and despite "frank" and often lengthy communiques from the rival commanders, we know nothing clearly and not much at all of how the battles fare. Indeed although the Italians fire off or drop a great deal of high explosive and the Ethiop retorts with such primitive projectiles as come to his hand, it is rather a battle of lies that is being most energetically fought. In the last great Tembien battle the disparity between the rival accounts set the fool's cap on Truth and drove her back to her (adulterated) well. Ethiopia declared that Ras Kassa, after annihilating Diamanti's picked Blackshirts, had won the greatest victory of the war, and counted home 30 field guns, 175 machine guns and 2,600 rifles. The Italians dismissed the battle as "nothing of importance to report" and frankly admitted that three field guns had gone astray. What should be the procedure of the puzzled world that looks on and loves the truth? Strike an average? Or award the palm for lying to the Ethiop or the Italian? All experience assures us that a regard for the truth is not part and parcel of increasing culture.



CITY CHURCHES AND ALL THAT.

—Lord Knutsford of the "London" came in for a great deal of criticism for a number of years because he pressed the "impious" proposal that certain famous City churches should be taken down and their sites sold for the benefit of vital social needs. He hated to be called "iconoclast," who loved fine old things; or "antichrist," whose religion, based on a divine sympathy with struggling humanity, was perfectly Christlike. And now the Bishop of London has been casting hungry eyes at one of these old City churches, which ten years ago Parliament, bending to a storm of indignation, safeguarded by an Act. And another storm of protest has been raised by Dr. Alington's declared intention of seeking a more economical home than the fine old Deanery at Durham. "An outrage" the suggestion has been called, as the City churches proposal has often been labelled "an act of vandalism." Aud yet . . .? How complex life's problems are! All over outer London new cities spring up in a night with teeming populations which entirely lack benefit of clergy, have no churches, and none to care for their spiritual welfare. All Hallows—a Wren church, or a Wren-school church—is

THE RETURNING TIDE OF PROSPERITY IN THE WEST RIDING: Mill workers leaving the mills for the dinner hour—a picture taken recently in the Colne Valley, where many of the factories are working day and night shifts in order to keep pace with the demand for textile goods, and where there is now a distinct labour shortage, many people having gone from the district during the depression years

blocked out by the buildings of Lombard Street; £20,000 would hardly suffice to restore its tumbling fabric. On Sundays it stands in a City of the Dead. It is built on a site worth the weight of its stones in gold—at any rate nearly £500,000. What couldn't a bishop or a hospital chairman do with half a million? For research work, for new wards, to give hard-worked curates a living wage, to build churches in areas where large communities are living without opportunity for the consolations of religion if they want them, or religious teaching to tell them what consolations they may be missing. Paganism, some say, is the price of its preservation. Yet All Hallows is a sacred spot Its beauties of architecture are famous, its old traditions revered. Touch it who dare! Especially in these days of National Trusts, Preservation Societies, and all other safeguards for places of historic interest and natural beauty. Yes, Life's problems are complex. You cannot preserve *all* that is old. Some say you can either treat your capital as a museum or make it fit to live in. But you cannot do both. The answer of course, is the middle course—compromise. It is indeed the answer to every modern problem.

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY'S STONY WILDERNESS.

—I suppose if things had turned out just a little differently, Sir Oswald Mosley's career might have moved more on the lines of Mr. Eden's. He might at least have played his part in the interesting political events of the last decade. He might surely have been a member of two National Governments. If things had been all through his life—just a little different. If his childhood had been happier, his nature would have remained softer. If his schooldays and cadetship had been easier, the tendency towards revolt and truculence of opinion had been checked. If in his first entry into politics, things had fallen easier for him, if a plum from the pudding had come his way . . . might he not now be an old fashioned Conservative, rationalised under a brand new national label? Life goes like that. As logs floating on a broad stream, a jolt here, an eddy there, carries an individual out of the main stream, now into a backwater, now into the rapids. It is chance, a tiny chance, which too often shapes our careers and builds our characters. As things are, Sir Oswald's contemporaries, some of them carrying lighter guns, have steamed to safe and respectable havens, and Sir Oswald has had a roughish time in a stormy sea, not much limelight, and that little usually turned on rather sordid sparring matches in the witness-box. And his voice crying in the wilderness has not been heard over a wide radius. I know too little of his message; it may be sound. Or of his following, which perhaps grows yearly larger. I merely assert that chance often plays a devilish big part in shaping men's careers, especially those of political and ambitious men.

"CROWNER'S QUEST."

—Ever since the coming of the Court of Criminal Appeal, a curtailing of the scope of the proceedings in Coroners' inquests involving criminal trials has grown in urgency. It has become unnecessary that the disclosure of a mass of evidence in a murder case should occupy for weeks on end the time of courts and witnesses in four grades of the Judicature—before the coroner, before the magistrates, at the Central Criminal Court or Assizes, and inevitably almost, if a conviction is secured, before the Court of Criminal Appeal. Sir John Gilmour's Coroners' Committee has now recommended a drastic curtailment of Coroners' powers—the relevant item being the withdrawal from Coroners of the power to name a person guilty of murder or manslaughter or to commit him for trial. That withdrawal would relieve his court of the necessity for hearing the mass of evidence or acting as a court of first instance in a trial for murder or manslaughter. The Committee does not recommend the abolition of the office which has a number of useful and very varied functions outside criminal proceedings. But it does further recommend some interesting and contentious changes, e.g., the "antiquated" verdicts of "suicide while of unsound mind" and "Felo de se" shall give place to the simpler verdict of "died by his own hand." It further recommends that the Press shall no longer "report" suicide cases beyond the bare verdict and name and address of the deceased. Presumably, Acts of Parliament will make these recommendations law.

PLANNING FOR POSTERITY.

—The C.P.R.E., a body which claims to have great influence already with the high authorities which control development and might exercise a veto over uglification, has announced its intention to begin its work *ab ovo*. It has arranged a deputation to the President of the Board of Education to ask him to introduce into the national curriculum systematic teaching of a sense of the beautiful. If this be not courage, faith and long vision, I never met with those qualities. Here is practical idealism, to be commended. But the rising generation must not expect to enjoy the fruits in their time. The Government's far-reaching socialist programme in the field of educational development is the cashing of an election promissory note which will tax not only the tax-payer's but the Board's resources to the uttermost. Will the Board find it possible to lend at this juncture a favourable ear to the humble petition of the C.P.R.E.? Preoccupied with the problems of the present, can it find time to "deal in futures" so distant if so admirable? The Board is invited to do more than allot a half-an-hour per day to a new subject. It is asked to recreate the nature of the Briton. For centuries (*The Times* declares) the Briton has tended to "see things through their names." A cottage suggests wistaria and hollyhocks and the red glow of a summer sunset, a church suggests the glistening mantle of Christmas snow and dim, religious light seen through jewelled windows. Therefore, all cottages and churches are beautiful. But bungalows have no picture post-card traditions, therefore all bungalows are ugly, as are all modern factories, flats, pylons, and so forth. This is the purely British way of judging the beautiful and the unsightly—by the suggestion of name. And the Board of Education is to begin at once to destroy and recreate our aesthetic sense. It is a long row to hoe.

RECORDS ALL THE TIME.

—The year has had already its fair share of records. Scotland has enjoyed (?) a winter of almost unprecedented length and severity. Ever since November parts of the Highlands have been almost continuously and literally snowed-up, and the stoutest hearts are heartily sick of it. In England in January there was a "record" rainfall—$6\frac{1}{4}$ in. on the Sussex–Hants border. February has produced two famous and infamous records already. Flight-Lieutenant Rose reached the Cape from Lympne in 3 days $17\frac{1}{2}$ hours. He flew by a route longer by 1,000 miles than Mrs. Mollison's, and beat her record by 13 hours. He flew his prize-winner, Miles "Falcon," and will not, I hope, try for another record home. Meanwhile, fire played havoc with the British Hollywood at Elstree. It cost the industry £500,000, six months' work, and destroyed an immense amount of valuable material and records. Although it's to be "business as usual" it was a real black-out for film hopes and plans, and throws many people out of work at a bad time. Swiftly, of course, the destroyed stages and offices and rooms will rise again on the latest pattern, but none the less the fire was disastrous for all concerned.

THE OLD STAGER

Sabah el Said, son of General Nuri Pasha, the Iraqi Foreign Minister, being lifted from an air ambulance at Croydon after being flown 2,500 miles to receive treatment in a London nursing home for injuries sustained in an air crash. The first part of the journey, from Baghdad to Aleppo, was made in a Royal Air Force machine

A DASH ACROSS EUROPE FROM THE NEAR EAST

A WEEK OF FIR

A Pictorial Record H

HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: The 25,000-ton twin screw motor ship, *Stirling Castle*, the largest liner now operating on the Union Castle Mail Steamship Company's England-South Africa route, leaving Southampton on Friday of last week at the start of her first trip to the Cape. One of her passengers was Lord Clarendon, Governor-General of the Union, who was returning to duty after six months' leave. *Stirling Castle* was built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, Ltd., at their Belfast yard, and in May she will be joined in the service by her sister-ship, the *Athlone Castle*, the fitting-out of which is now nearing completion. Noteworthy features of construction are the single low type streamlined funnel, the cruiser stern, and the cargo refrigerating apparatus. The passenger accommodation is on the most up-to-date lines, that for 1st class providing for 297 persons in single and two berth rooms fitted with cot beds

WINTER SPORT IN THE NORTH COUNTRY: Skaters enjoying themselves on the frozen Tarn on Ilkley Moor, where about 20 degrees of frost were recorded as compared with the 15 degrees at Croydon. Interestingly enough this renewed onset of frosty weather coincided with the scheduled opening day of Buchan's first "cold period" which was due to start on February 7. February 12 has over a period of years proved to be the coldest day of the winter

BATTLING WITH THE WINTRY BLASTS: C workers crossing the road near Blackfriars Brid during last Monday's biting east wind which ble with gale force throughout practically the whc of England and Ireland, in some places near reaching the incredible speed of one hundred m.p.

THE ENGLISH OPEN TABLE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHI IN LONDON: Miss M. Osborne (*foreground*), Birmingham, in play against Fräulein Kresbach, Germany, in the quarter finals of the women's single Miss Osborne, who was the holder, lost her tit to Kettnerova, a powerful Czechoslovakian play

STORM, AND FROST

Happenings at Home

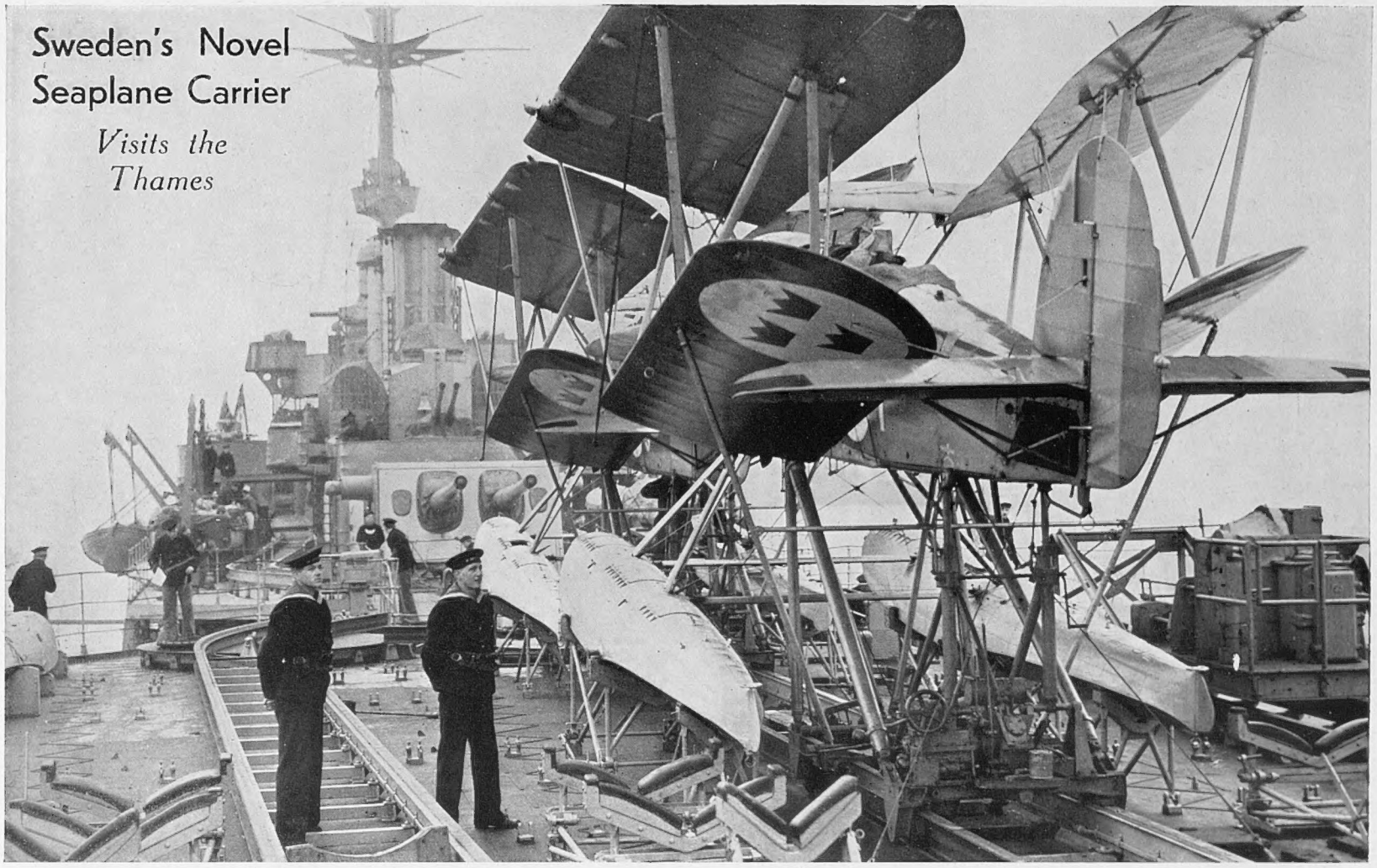
WHEN THREE'S COMPANY: A scene in the streets of Weymouth which, in common with other South Coast resorts, experienced the full force of this week's gale. Many pedestrians clung to Belisha beacons

THE GREAT ELSTREE BLAZE: Firemen at work amid the wreckage in the two vast film studios—those of the British and Dominions Corporation and British International Pictures—after last Sunday's spectacular fire which destroyed about five acres of buildings, and did damage estimated at £450,000. Fanned by a strong and variable wind the flames quickly spread and, in spite of the efforts of a dozen brigades the place soon became a raging inferno, dividing walls crashing without warning and rendering the task of the firemen one of immense danger

THE SMOULDERING RUINS: An aerial view of the Elstree studios after last Sunday's blaze, showing the roofs caved in and many of the buildings gutted. Heroic salvage work by firemen and employees did much to minimise the losses, a considerable amount of valuable equipment being saved in addition to the negatives of a number of pictures recently completed, including *A Woman Alone* (starring Anna Sten), *The Amazing Quest of Mr. Ernest Bliss*, *Two's Company* (starring Ned Sparks and Gordon Harker), and *Love in Exile*. Had these been lost it would have been necessary to re-make at a cost of £300,000. *On left*—The buckled walls of one of the buildings

Sweden's Novel Seaplane Carrier

Visits the Thames



THE "GOTLAND" AT GRAVESEND: Folded up seaplanes on the deck of the new 4,600-ton Swedish warship which combines the duties of an aircraft carrier and a cruiser. The vessel was launched by the Crown Princess of Sweden, daughter of the late Marquess of Milford Haven, and is now engaged on her first foreign cruise, having already called at Dartmouth and Southampton before visiting the Thames. A full description of this novel type of craft appears in a note below

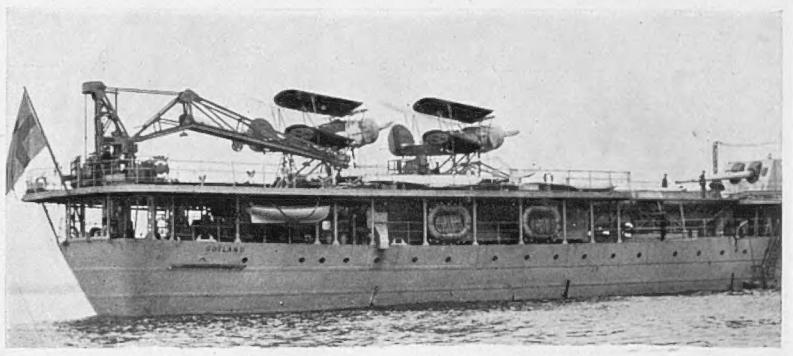
A TOUR OF INSPECTION: Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Evans ("Evans of the *Broke*"), who was recently appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Nore, pictured aboard the *Gotland* during his visit

FOR many years past the Swedish Navy has been known as the most efficient of the secondary fleets in Northern Europe, and it has been built entirely in Swedish yards; slowly, it is true, and rather expensively, but very efficiently. Of recent years, considering Russia as their probable enemy, they have been concentrating their attention on building up their destroyer and submarine flotillas, but they now have the aircraft-carrying cruiser, *Gotland*.

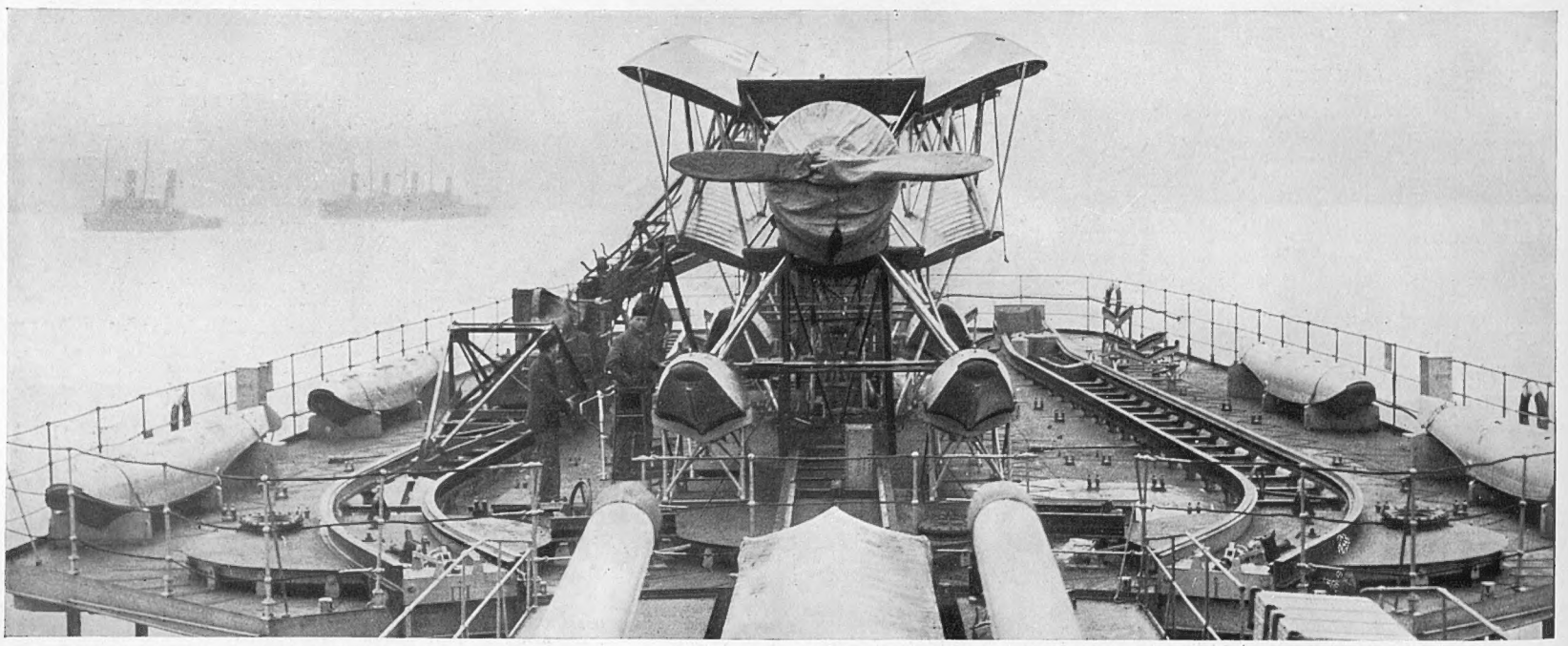
In design she is entirely novel, and is intended to suit Sweden's very individual requirements. She is primarily a small cruiser, having a standard displacement of 4,600 tons, a speed of 27 knots, and a battery of six 5·9-in. guns, backed by anti-aircraft and smaller pieces. But her cruiser features are huddled up as far as possible forward and amidships; the after part is devoted to the carrying of aircraft, of which she has accommodation for eight. For these she has a launching catapult on each side of the ship and a crane right aft for recovering spent machines.

For one of the minor fleets which has to watch expense carefully and is not concerned with fleet strategy on any large scale she should prove an exceedingly useful vessel, and it is expected that she will be copied extensively. At the same time it is unlikely that this hybrid will be adopted by any of the large navies for the combination of functions has weakened her efficiency in both directions. Her speed is only 27 knots, which is very low both for a cruiser and an aircraft carrier, and it is not possible to fit her with flying-on decks and other refinements of the modern carrier. She can deal only with seaplanes, which must come down on to the water and then "taxi" within reach of her crane.

F. C. Bowen



A NAVAL HYBRID: Another view of the *Gotland*, showing the after-part where there is space for eight seaplanes and a crane for hoisting them on board



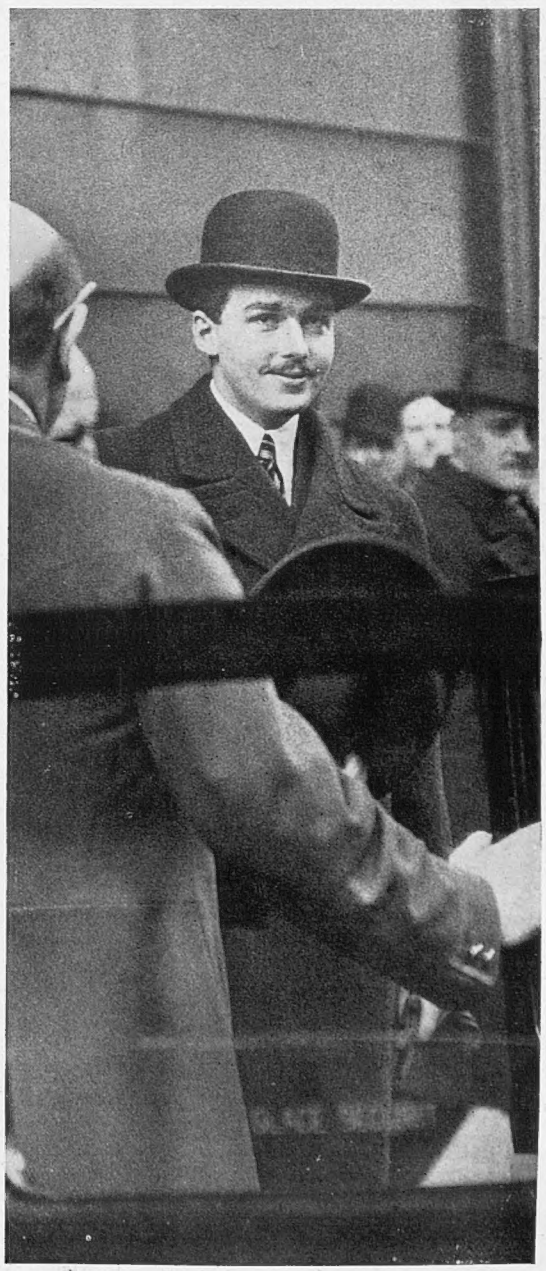
LOOKING TOWARDS THE STERN: A machine on the launching catapult of the *Gotland*, a device similar to that used on warships, and on liners such as *Bremen* and *Europa* for releasing mail 'planes when nearing the end of a voyage. The *Gotland* is commanded by Captain K. G. Rudberg, and she has on board during her present cruise twenty-five officers, twenty-six cadets, fifty-nine warrant and petty officers, and about three hundred and thirty-five ratings

SOLDIERS OF TO-MORROW: Members of the Balilla (the Fascist Youth Movement) appearing in Rome for the first time on their Sunday parade wearing gas masks. All citizens, in fact, are now being trained how to act in case of an air raid, and some employers are actually holding rehearsals for members of their staffs

ITEMS *from* ABROAD

THE ARMY IN EGYPT: Of recent months the British forces in the country have been considerably increased and here is pictured a group of officers now on emergency duty there. *Left to right*—Captain F. E. M. Barford, Lieutenant Mackenzie (Royal Scots), Major W. P. A. Robinson, M.C. (Royal Regiment of Artillery), an Egyptian officer, and Captain D. H. Brown (The Royals)

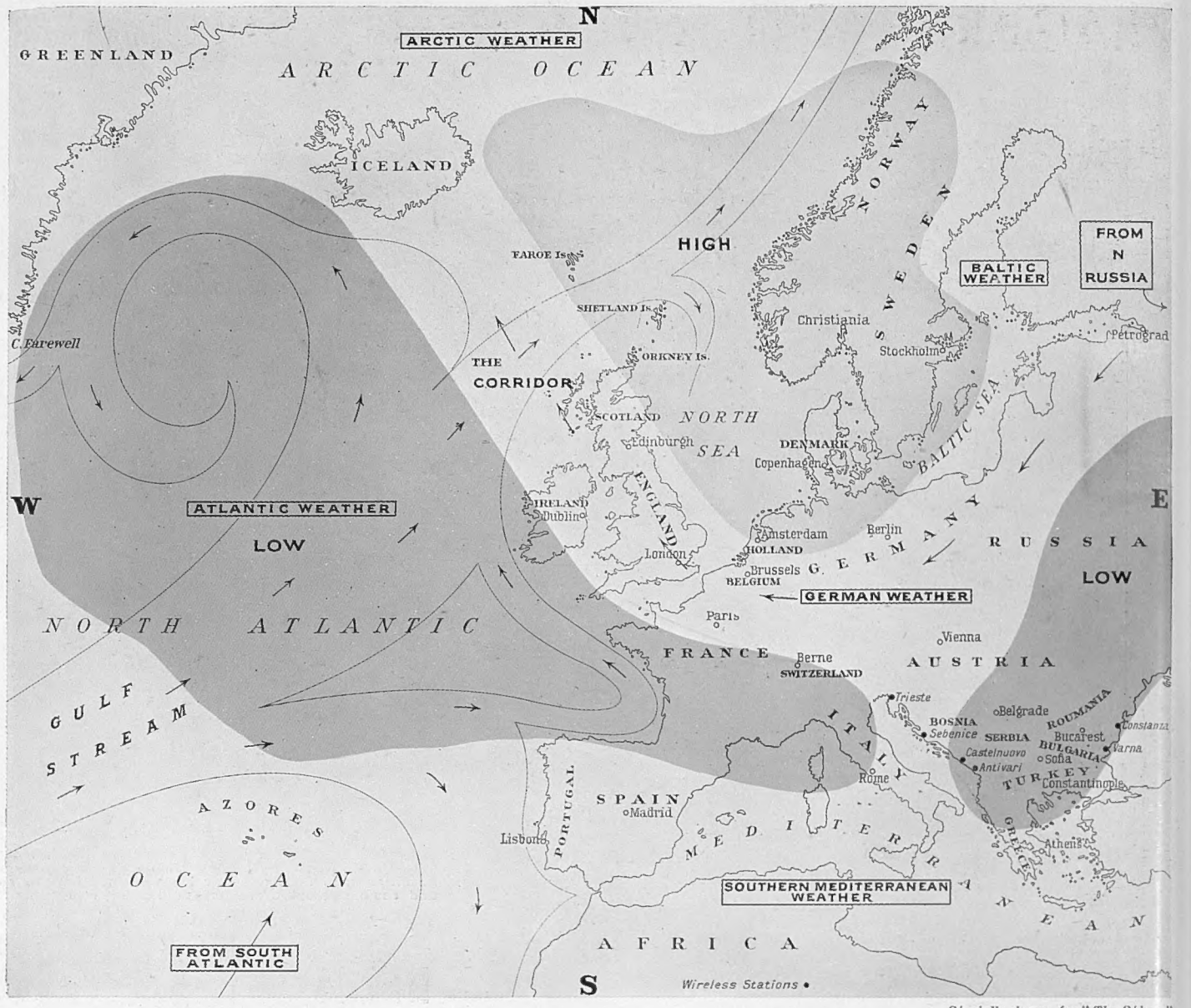
A SANDSTORM IN THE EGYPTIAN DESERT: Officers of the Royal Sussex seen in camp during a gale. They are under the command of Lieut.-General Sir George Weir, whose task of late has been one of extreme delicacy on account of the existing political situation and the series of student riots in Cairo. He has been in constant touch with the other fighting services, and last month it was reported that he was present at a conference aboard the flagship *Queen Elizabeth* in Alexandria Harbour, which was also attended by Air Vice-Marshal C. T. Maclean, Chief of Staff of the R.A.F., and Admiral Sir William Fisher, of the Mediterranean Fleet



THE YOUNG PRETENDER: Archduke Otto pictured during his visit to Paris, where he arrived quite unexpectedly a few days ago, and, it is said, seriously embarrassed Prince Starhemberg and the other statesmen who were engaged in discussing the possibilities of a Habsburg restoration being made in Austria

HOW THE ICY WINDS CAME

This Week's Phenomenal Weather Conditions Explained



Specially drawn for "The Sphere"

Britain has experienced a winter of extraordinary vagaries, floods, snow, frost, and icy winds having created conditions in the country which it is to be hoped will not recur in such severity for many a day. The tremendous gales at the beginning of this week wrought particular havoc, and the map reproduced on the right is intended to give an idea of their origin, which, according to a Meteorological Office official, was in North Russia. The wind, it appears, became absorbed in an anti-cyclonic system over Southern Scandinavia, afterwards blowing from North Germany and developing a stormy circulation between the low system situated in the Atlantic and the high system of Scandinavia. The positions of the low cyclonic areas (moist airs) are clearly indicated; one far out in the Atlantic and another in South Russia, while the high cyclonic area (dry airs) lay over Scandinavia. It will be seen that a lane developed between these areas, and down the corridor so formed coursed the winds, Great Britain unfortunately lying directly in their path. On Monday it blew with gale force throughout practically the whole of England and Ireland, and was particularly violent in the south-west, reaching a speed of 92 miles an hour at Valentia (County Kerry) and 88 miles an hour in the Scilly Isles where a series of tremendous gusts did severe damage to the flower crops and the people experienced some of the wildest days and nights within living memory.

At Sennen Cove, Cornwall, the coastguard in a graphic description published in the *Daily Telegraph*, said "The wind is sweeping over us at 80 to 90 m.p.h. The rain is simply pouring down, and visibility is nil. The lifeboat has just returned with four of the crew of a ship, name so far unknown, which is being battered off the shore. Several vessels have sent distress signals, and all lifeboat crews in the vicinity are standing by."

The Copra Trouble in Zanzibar

A Disturbance Arising from the Tightening Up of Regulations

On the morning of Friday, February 7, a crowd of infuriated Arabs attacked the office of the Inspector of Produce in Zanzibar. Armed with double-edged swords the mob set upon the British officials, and when police came to the rescue, attacked them too. The fighting continued for some time, and when order was eventually restored, numbers had been killed and wounded on either side. The dead included two British officials, Mr. Ian Humphry Davy Rolleston and Inspector Camrudeen. Mr. Rolleston was the Assistant District Commissioner, a young Colonial civil servant, and son of the well-known London doctor. Inspector Camrudeen was an Indian police officer.

Mr. R. Donkin (Inspector of Produce), Mr. Leslie Skinner (Acting Commissioner of Police), Mr. J. P. Jones (Acting Provincial Commissioner), and the Secretary of the Arab Association, who was trying to pacify the rioters, were all injured; as were also six native policemen and three non-European bystanders.

The casualties among the rioters were four killed or died of wounds; and two wounded, who are in hospital. These six received their wounds from shots fired by the police when the mob were attacking Inspector Camrudeen, the Daykjani police station, and a police patrol. It is thought possible that other wounded may be in hiding.

By the afternoon of Friday the Government had established complete control, although it was thought advisable to summon police reinforcements from Dar-es-Salaam, on the mainland. At the time of writing fourteen arrests have been made, including known rioters and suspects, and others are anticipated. Four of the prisoners were sent on board the *Khalifa* on the afternoon of the riot. This was a precautionary measure, and they were all brought ashore the next day.

As an official inquiry is to be opened it is not desirable to delve deeply into the causes of the disturbance. It would appear, however, that the explanation given in the first reports is substantially true. In these the rising was attributed to the tightening up of the regulations for preventing the adulteration of copra.

Copra, as everyone knows, is a product of coco-nuts, and is used in the manufacture of soap and other toilet articles. With the clove industry, it constitutes the chief source of wealth for Zanzibar, and for many years supplied a flourishing commerce.

Recently, however, it has suffered a serious decline. Between 1929 and 1934 the copra exports fell from 4,700,000 rupees to 1,000,000 rupees, a big drop for the small community of Zanzibar. Although the decline was obviously due in large part to the world slump, the Government rightly considered there was all the more reason for improving the quality of the product. Consequently, in 1934, a decree was issued making its adulteration beyond certain limits a legal offence. By this law copra could contain not more than 10 per cent. of water and not more than 7 per cent. of other extraneous elements, of which that most employed is decayed or immature kernel.

COCO-NUTS BEING BROKEN AND LAID OUT TO DRY IN THE SUN: An initial stage in the preparation of copra for export

How far the law has been enforced in the intervening period will doubtless be established by the inquiry. It is clear in any case, that attempts have recently been made to apply the regulations more strictly, and that these attempts angered the Arab producers. Exasperated perhaps by failure to sell their copra, and easily inflamed against anyone in authority, to whom they would naturally attribute all their evils, it is easy to imagine their venting their discontent in a riot.

If those who took part had any legitimate grievance, it will doubtless be discovered and remedied. What is certain is that the law against adulteration was made for the benefit of the producers as a whole, and indirectly therefore in the interests of the community. To defy it is merely to worsen the situation from which the producers are the principal sufferers.

G. M.

NIAGARA'S MIGHTY TORRENT STILLED: The American Fall is Frozen Over

WHERE KING WINTER REIGNS SUPREME: The mighty Falls as they appeared recently when the greater part of the North American continent experienced below zero temperatures and even the rushing waters of the Niagara river were for once held in check. Those who witnessed this phenomenon appeared to be struck not only by the grandeur of the scene, but by the almost uncanny stillness, which compared so strangely with the continuous roar usually obtaining. This is not, as some suppose, the first time this has happened

On left and on right—THE FIRST PHASE: Two impressions of the American Fall when half frozen over, a sheath of glittering ice gradually gaining a grip upon the torrent. This Fall carries approximately one-tenth of the water of the Niagara, the Horseshoe taking the bulk

THE AMERICAN FALL VIEWED FROM GOAT ISLAND: Another impression of the frozen torrent showing the present contour of the Fall which is now more V shaped than formerly as a result of a subsidence last year of no fewer than fifteen thousand tons of limestone rock, a portion of which is seen in the picture on the right. Niagara is steadily moving back, and it is estimated that in its history it has receded seven miles, and that by the time it has receded another two miles it will have practically halved its present depth

WITH THE

A Came

THE ARRIVAL OF THE RED CROSS UNIT AT BERBERA, CHIEF PORT OF BRITISH SOMALILAND: The ambulances placed aboard a lighter in which they were towed to the jetty by motor launch—a task of considerable difficulty which took many hours to complete owing to lack of unloading gear in the harbour. The unit, which costs £1,500 a month to maintain, was raised by Mr. A. J. Melly, and funds were obtained through an appeal over the wireless

ACTIVITY ON BERBERA JETTY: A busy scene by about sixty other natives and by the ambula equipment and supplies of the unit from to the southern front. The white members of

THE START OF THE JOURNEY: The loading-up having been completed satisfactorily, the ambulances set out for Harar, second city of Ethiopia and key position of the southern theatre of war, and they are pictured here during a halt on the first stage between Berbera and Hargeisa, a western outpost of British Somaliland. The going here presented few difficulties, mile upon mile of flat desert country offering an excellent surface as compared with that encountered on the so-called roads in Abyssinia itself which can only be negotiated with the greatest care

MORNING IN THE CA hand mirror placed servant prepares from Berbera to Ha

A PAUSE FOR REFRESHMENT: A halt en route after a start at dawn; two native lorry drivers lighting a fire on which to prepare breakfast while other members of the party stretch their legs. The grotesque rock formations in this neighbourhood are of particular interest

BETWEEN HARGEISA AND JIJIGA, HEADQUARTERS OF THE EMPEROR'S SOUTHERN DEFEN FORCE: On this section of the route the going was incredibly bad, though the scenery w particularly lovely. Several mountain ranges were crossed, and if the lorries managed to tra fifty miles in a day (seven hours of driving) this could be accounted as not unsatisfacto

BRITISH AMBULANCE SERVICE IN ABYSSINIA

Record of the Activities of a Red Cross Unit on the Way to the Theatre of War

dressers recruited from Kenya Colony, assisted drivers (wearing navy blue), unloaded the lighters prior to making ready for departure party included six doctors, and an adjutant

One of the white doctors shaving before a a table outside his tent, while his native the departure. Another scene on the way across the hinterland of the Somali country

IN THE HILL COUNTRY: The first objective of the unit was Harar, but it was found on arrival that the southern armies had all the medical aid they needed, other nations having equipped and sent out ambulance lorries and doctors to serve Ras Desta's widely scattered forces. The British ambulances, therefore, journeyed northwards, via Addis Ababa, to assist Ras Seyoum, and this picture was taken at a series of hairpin bends in the neighbourhood of Dessie

The world's Press representatives appear to have been defeated on all fronts in Ethiopia, and pictures and unbiased eye-witness accounts from the seat of war are now not easy to obtain, a large majority of the Press photographers and reporters having been withdrawn, partly on account of the expense of maintaining them and partly on account of their inability to stand up to the climate. The accompanying illustrations, however, are among the few not emanating from Italian headquarters and are of particular interest in that they give an intimate glimpse of the difficulties faced by the ambulance men who are having to operate in country offering immense natural obstacles and have to live and work, seemingly, without the knowledge that their Red Cross flag affords them security

ENTRAINING FOR THE CAPITAL: Arrangements being made at Diredawa, the nearest station to Harar, to place the ambulances on the train for Addis Ababa which arrives, in normal times, once every week

THE CAMP AT DESSIE VIEWED THROUGH A GLADE OF PICTURESQUE BLUE GUM TREES: Here the unit rendered excellent service, taking over the wounded from the over-crowded hospital which had been bombed in the Italian raid on the city a short while before. When this work was completed a move farther northward was made to Waldea in order to deal with the casualties from the Tembien—scene of some of the fiercest fighting of the war

ART of the DAY

The Tiepolo Drawings Cause a Stir in the Saleroom —A Smithfield Type

A STUDENT OF FORM: The Smithfield porter attempts to pick a winner — a character study by A. M. Pecker. A picture which, in view of the recent great London meat market strike, is particularly apposite at this juncture

On left—A NOTABLE FIND: Some time ago Sir Henry Duff-Gordon, of Harpton Court, Herefordshire, found among his family possessions a portfolio containing a number of drawings by old masters which, when submitted to examination, proved to include as many as twenty-six brilliant sketches by Gianbattista Tiepolo, the great eighteenth-century Venetian painter and draughtsman. The one reproduced on the left is entitled "Scene from the Infancy of a Hero" and, together with the others, is to be offered for sale at Sotheby's on February 19. It is only of recent years that this artist has acquired a reputation for high prices, and even in 1933 the world of art was astonished when the National Gallery of Victoria, Australia, paid £25,000 for "The Banquet of Cleopatra," a huge picture, measuring 9 ft. by 12 ft., which was formerly in the Hermitage in Russia. The portfolio to be offered has been at Harpton Court for about a hundred years, and was inherited by the present owner from his uncle, the Rev. Sir Gilbert Frankland Lewis, a noted Canon of Worcester, who died in 1883

ORIENTAL TYPES: A brush drawing in sepia by Tiepolo, which is also included in the portfolio to be auctioned at Messrs. Sotheby's next week. The artist appears to have been influenced mainly by Titian and Veronese

A SPHERE SURVEY

News from Italy, Palestine, and India

A RED LETTER DAY: The Nawab of Palanpur seated between Lord Brabourne (Governor of Bombay Presidency since 1933) and Lady Brabourne during recent festivities staged in honour of Their Excellencies' visit to Palanpur. Lord Brabourne was formerly Parliamentary private secretary to the Secretary of State for India

RE-AFFORESTATION IN THE HOLY LAND: The scene on a hilltop near the Jewish settlement of Nahalal, at the western end of the valley of Esdraelon, as the High Commissioner, Sir Arthur Wauchope, planted a *cupressus orientalis* sapling presented by King George from Windsor Royal Park. This was the first of 1,000,000 trees which will eventually form the Jubilee Forest, and funds for which have been largely subscribed by British Jewry

THE POPE PRESIDING AT A MEETING OF THE ROYAL ACADEMIA DE' LINCEI IN VATICAN CITY—One of his last engagements before being forced to cancel all appointments and audiences as a result of a cold. His Holiness is now in his 79th year and his 15th year of office

A VAST SCHEME INAUGURATED: Dr. C. Weizmann, President of the English Zionist Federation and of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, speaking at the luncheon given at the Agricultural School at Nahalal after the planting of the first tree in the Jubilee Forest, an undertaking which has been described as an asset to Palestine of both practical and æsthetic value. On the wall is a portrait of the late King George suitably garlanded for the occasion, while on the speaker's right hand are Captain R. Solomon, treasurer of the Forest Committee, and Sir Arthur Wauchope

THE BOY KINGS: *Left*—Twelve-year-old Peter II of Yugoslavia pictured with his brothers, Prince Andrei and Prince Tomislav, and his mother, Queen Marie, at a recent ceremony in Belgrade. The last-named, it will be noted, was appearing in white (half-mourning) for the first time since the assassination of her husband. *Right*—Ananda I of Siam, nephew of ex-King Prajadhipok, and his mother, who have been enjoying a winter sports holiday together

Education in France

Where Extreme Left-Wing Teachings Are Creating Serious Problems

CRICKET and revolution! Nothing illustrates better the fundamental differences of the traditional French and British attitude towards revolution than to consider for a moment our own associations with these two words.

"Revolution's" very sound is sinister to us law-abiding islanders. Consider Maitland's becoming delicacy when, in the classic pages of his constitutional history, truth compelled him to discuss the unfortunate events which led to the substitution of James by William and Mary in 1688. "It seems to me," he wrote regretfully, "that we must treat the Revolution as a revolution, a very necessary and wisely conducted revolution, but still a revolution." Consider also that when Sir John Simon gave it as his opinion as a lawyer that the general strike of 1926 was illegal, its leaders received a sickening shock. "Why it might lead to revolution!" the horrified whisper ran. From that moment the strike was dead.

But to the Frenchman, with the experience of eight changes of régime in the last 140 odd years, mostly accompanied by bloodshed, revolution suggests those supreme moments when with one minute to go, and nine wickets down, the captain lifts a winning six over the pavilion. There is a respectable French newspaper which publishes once a week a special supplement entitled "Revolution," in which prominent publicists discuss the betterment of their country. Revolution, in fact, spells progress to the Frenchman.

Now it is the commonplace of all revolutionary countries that nobody wishes to be suspected of being anti-revolutionary; consequently there is a constant push towards the Left. For a variety of reasons, historic and psychological, this is particularly true of France.

But to-day, for the first time in history, France is beginning to be afraid of revolution. Why?

All successful revolutionaries see to it that the rising generation is converted to their principles through education in the State schools. Now all the "good old" French revolutions were nationalist and patriotic in outlook, so that the fidelity to the new régime taught in the schools was not incompatible with traditional ideas of patriotism. Since the war, however, a new type of revolution has appeared, which places an international ideal before the young, and teaches that nationalist capitalism must be displaced by international proletarian ownership, and love of country by love of mankind. To refuse to fight for one's country and to subvert its capitalist economic framework naturally follow. Whatever their intrinsic merits as ultimate ideals for which to work, there can be no doubt that the immediate application of these principles in the world as it is, must involve economic misery and the unwelcome attentions of the nearest predatory nation (of which a few examples unfortunately survive, only too ready to take advantage of signs of weakness in any idealistic neighbours).

The recent realisation that of 130,000 State school teachers at least 80,000 (or 61 per cent.) belong to organisations which proclaim their faith in pacifism and international socialism has come as a shock to those Frenchmen who have an eye on the feverish rearmament of Hitleric Germany with its war-like ideas of patriotism. Over 70,000 French State school teachers belong to the Syndicat National, which is under the political control of the Socialist Confédération Générale de Travail (French Trades Union Congress) to which it is affiliated. Such affiliation to an outside political body is illegal for civil servants, but slaves of the old "movement to the Left" tradition, no post-war French government has felt itself strong enough to refuse recognition to the Syndicat National until just the other day when Laval's Minister of Education broke off relations. I doubt whether this bold stand can last long for it carries with it much the same terrible reproach as being "not cricket" does in England, i.e., it is anti-revolutionary, therefore reactionary, therefore deeply suspect to the mass of good French republicans.

Another, and more definitely "red," teachers' union is the Fédération Unitaire (Amsterdam International), with about 2,500 members. Left of this (and positively blood-red) is the Internationale des Travailleurs de l'Enseignement (Moscow International), membership about 6,000. About 10,000 teachers belong to the Fédération de Groupement Professionnel, a union leaning to the more extreme Right, while the remaining 40,000 (contemptuously called "the savages" by their militant brethren of the two extremes) belong to no union. At the same time the "savages" cannot but be influenced by the more widely read teachers' professional magazines, which are all edited by the Left.

The drawing up of approved lists of school books and the organization of the school work is virtually in the hands of the teachers through various district councils, so that on the basis of the foregoing figures 61 per cent of France's 4,000,000 State educated children are being trained in anti-capitalism, class consciousness, and internationalism. The whole teaching profession is, however, even more in the grip of the Reds than this 61 per cent figure suggests, because since the war (until the last few weeks) practically all relations between the State and the teachers have been maintained through the medium of the Syndicat National.

Here are a couple of sums recently found to have been set in one school:

(1) An employer earns as much every day as a worker in twenty days. The worker is paid for 240 days in the year, but the employer is paid for 365. Together they earn 211,120 francs in a year. What is the daily wage of each?

(2) 54 factory workers have been dismissed. Each earned 45 francs. How much does the employer save? These examples must suffice, but they could be muliplied indefinitely.

The existence of rival Right and Left teachers' unions acts as a constant goad to ever further extremes of, on the one hand, die-hard, fire-eating nationalist teaching and, on the other ever more deeply crimson hues of internationalism. What must the mind of a nice, anxious-to-please, French child be like who chances to have exchanged a Right teacher for a Left in the course of his school attendance!

However ridiculous the efforts of our historians to prove the constitutionality of our 1688 revolution may appear to the intelligent foreigner, in truth we owe a great debt of gratitude to them (as to our "revolutionary" forefathers for their actual mildness) because it has helped to spare us from a revolutionary tradition. France has never been allowed to recover from the bitterness of 1789–91 with the result that the country is broadly divided into two camps: the revolutionaries and the reactionaries. Translated into the terms of 1936, the further result is that any sensible social reform proposal is examined with deep suspicion by the Right for signs of "Communism," and by the Left for hints of "Fascism."

Caught in the midst of this senseless, envenomed strife of extremists is Jacques Bonhomme, a staunch republican, anxious only for the welfare of his country; a small capitalist and distrustful of the pacifist's easy confidence in a warless future, he would like to rid the State schools of international socialism. He tells his deputy so. But if the deputy protests to the Ministry of Education, his opponents will hurl at him that feared accusation "reactionary" which will frighten his republican electors. He, his government, and his whole country, *must* "move to the Left" or be lost. That movement, before the political existence of Socialism and Communism, kept everybody happy and did no harm. But to-day it presents a serious problem to one of the world's three remaining great democracies, for it is driving moderate Frenchmen in despair into the Fascist ranks.

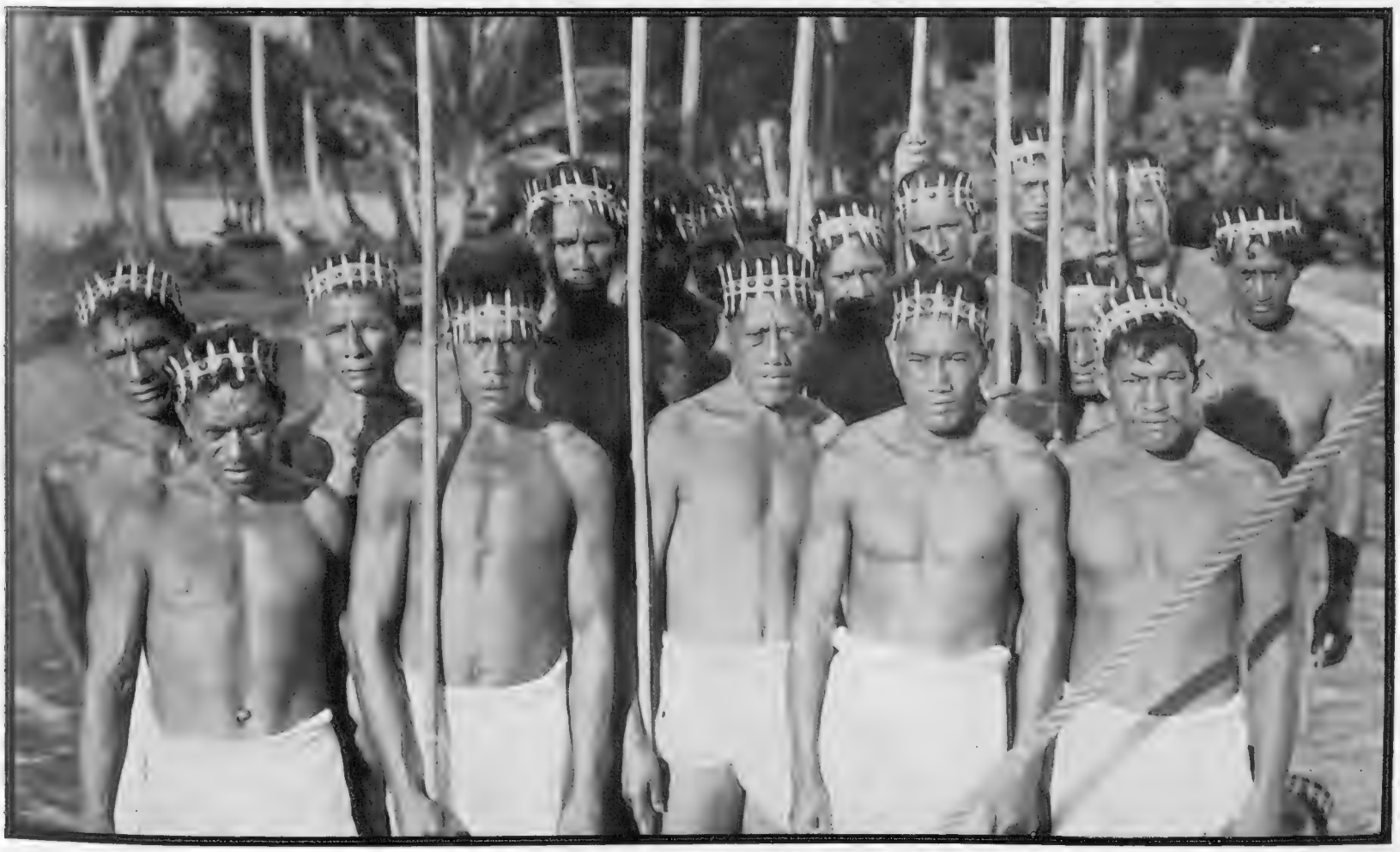
Jossleyn Hennessy

EASTWARD-HO!

Glimpses of Life in Asia and the Pacific

IN THE MARRIAGE MARKET: This girl of Daghestan, the remote land near the western shores of the Caspian, has presented herself for the approval of suitors, wearing a robe of heavy Chinese silk and an apron bedizened with gold and silver coins which form her dowry. A prospective bridegroom has evidently just asked her to give an exhibition of her prowess as a dancer

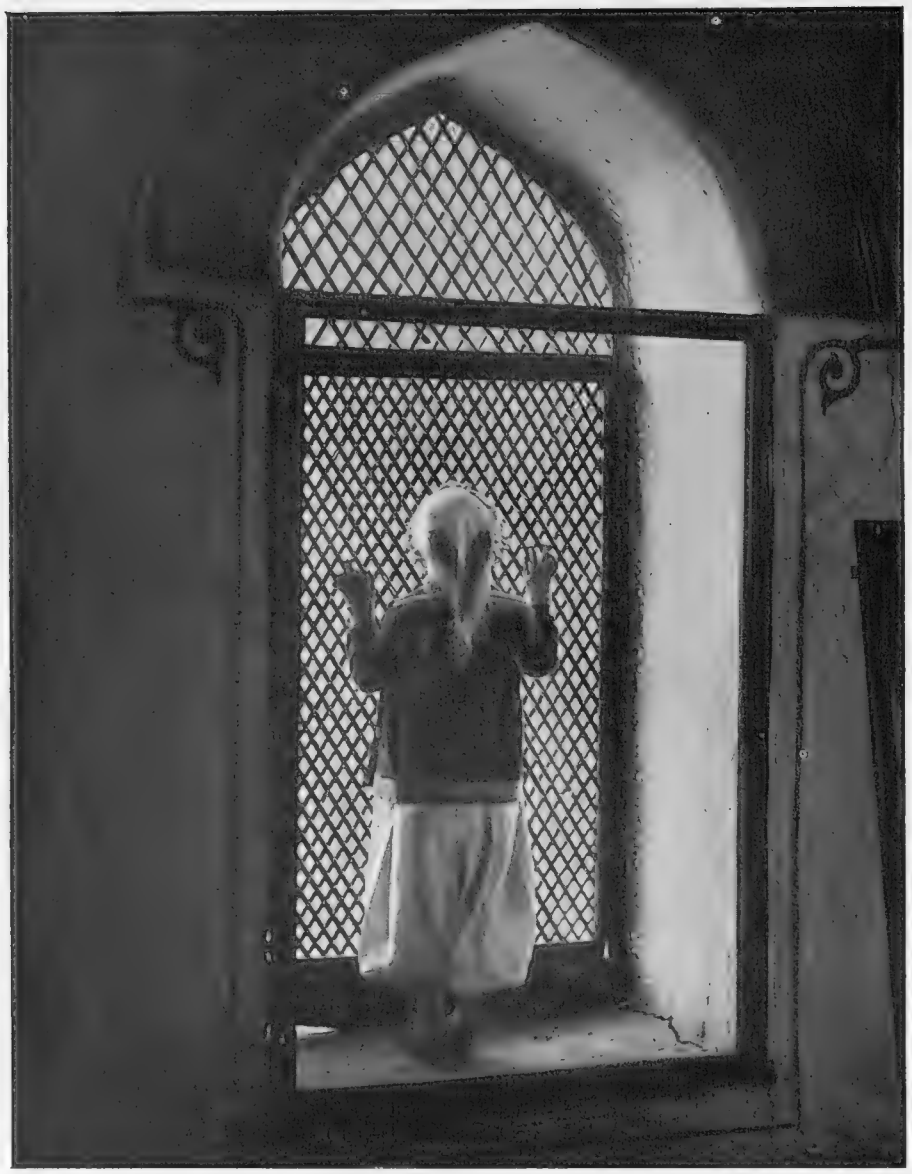
THE WHOLE HOG! Roast pork is a favourite dish among the Philippine islanders and a native girl is pictured here attending to the cooking of a carcase which has been impaled on a pole and suspended above a great log fire



PEARLERS OF THE PACIFIC: A striking group of natives of the Marquesas, the volcanic islands, lying to the north-east of Tahiti, which form part of the French territory of Oceania. The inhabitants, who are expert pearl divers, are generally regarded from a physical point of view as the finest specimens of the brown Polynesian stock. They are extremely handsome and, it will be noted, present in many cases a marked approximation to the European type of physiognomy

THE LAST DERVIS

Scenes in the Monastery of Bent-Basis, near Sarajevo



BEYOND WHICH NO WOMEN ARE ALLOWED TO PASS: The iron doorway leading from the entrance hall to the monastery proper where the Dervishes, who have taken vows of poverty, humility, and chastity, live their isolated but active existence

UNCHANGING IN A LAND OF CHANGE—THE MAIN ENTRANCE GA in Yugoslavia where only a century ago the Muhammadans reigned supre West has won. For a Christian to penetrate this place is deemed to pictures and was able to be present at a religious service by mak

KNEELING BEFORE THEIR SPIRITUAL LEADER: The Dervish frian make obeisance as the black-robed Sheik enters the prayer room t attend one of the two weekly services. He is a greatly revered figur

DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES: *Above*—Incense vessels and bead strings used in the services, and (*right*) the Dervishes at their prayers which are made in sing-song fashion, the worshippers swaying to and fro ever more violently until in their ecstasy they slash their bodies with stilettos, the blood flowing over their robes. At the same time they proclaim the name of Allah in tones th might almost be described as a howl, giddily shake their heads from left t right, and eventually drop to the floor through sheer exhaustion. It is for th reason that elsewhere in Yugoslavia the ritual has been stamped out by the authoriti

HES IN EUROPE

a Bosnian Stronghold of Muhammadanism

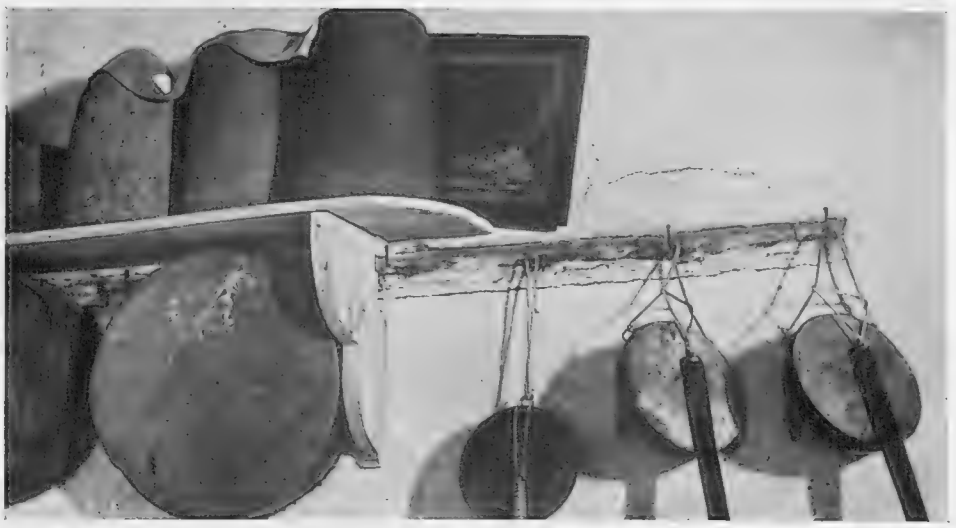
TO THE MONASTERY OF BENT-BASIS: The last institution of its kind but where in the subsequent clash of Oriental and Occidental influences the almost an impossibility, but the photographer succeeded in obtaining these the Dervishes a gift of a new floor for their prayer meeting room

RELIGIOUS MUSIC: This quaint instrument, consisting of a drum with long chains attached to it, is whirled round and round his head by one of the worshippers, and gives forth a peculiar, metallic sound

THE HOME OF THE MUHAMMADAN FRIARS: An exterior view of the Bent-Basis Monastery—a somewhat nondescript building that is badly in need of repair on account of the great poverty of the community

On right—THE VAULT OF THE SHEIKS: The coffins of two former Dervish leaders, each with a coloured turban placed at the head, and with the death lamps hanging above. The latter burn night and day, and never, in any circumstances, are permitted to be extinguished

THE DAUGHTER OF THE SHEIK: Halima Sechovic seen at prayer in the simply-furnished entrance hall at Bent-Basis while her father was attending one of the religious services which are held there on every Monday and Thursday. Note the ancient drawing on the wall



IN THE HOUSE OF PRAYER: Drums and fez-like hats which are used during the services at the monastery and have a special significance. The ritual is of the most pagan character and involves self-torture—a circumstance that has led to its condemnation by the Government

NURSERY RHYTHM

London Life Returns to Normal and the Children Resume Their Perambulations in the Parks

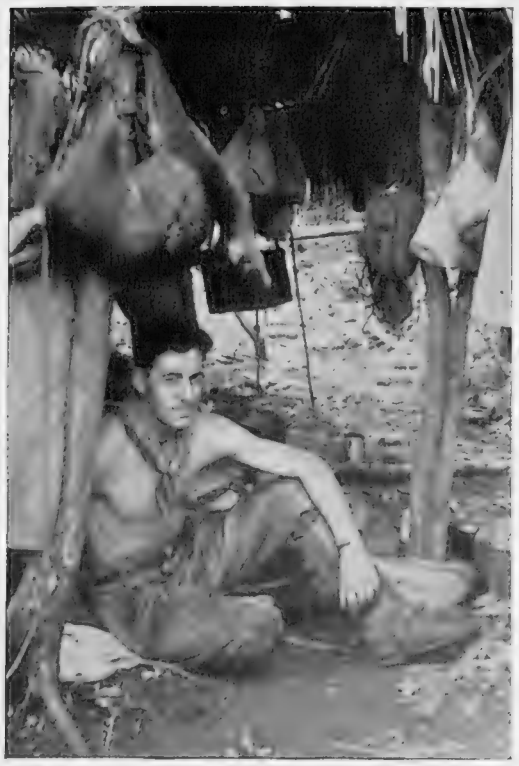
HIS HIGHNESS THE BABY: Disturbed temporarily by great events, the nursery time-table is once more carried out to the minute. The prams are lowered gently from the porches and invade the parks and squares. Here we see baby Prince Edward, at the moment when he has completed his morning round in the big circular garden of Belgrave Square, in front of his father's London residence

THE FIRST PRINCE BORN TO THE HOUSE OF WINDSOR: A recent picture of Prince Edward, son of the Duke of Kent, who is now just over four months old

On right.—THE QUINS: A pramload of dolls that attracted the admiring attention of youngsters in Hyde Park. Included in the group are the three children of Lieut.-Commander Sir John Salt and Lady Salt, and Christopher Keeling, son of the Member of Parliament for Twickenham

REVISITING THE MYSTERIOUS LACONDONS

Bernard de Colmont Describes How He Penetrated this Little-known Tribe's Jungle Fastnesses on the Borders of Guatemala and Mexico

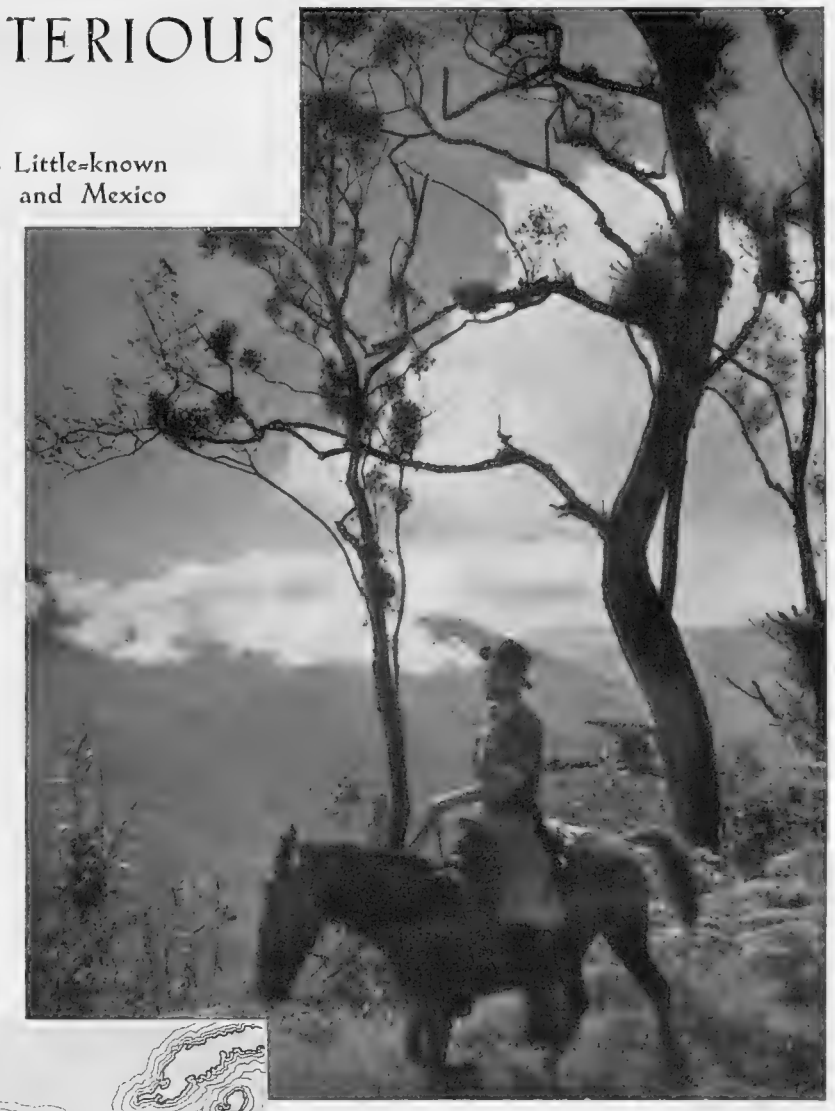


THE AUTHOR: Bernard de Colmont who made the adventurous journey into the Central American hinterland

FOUR and a half centuries have elapsed since Christopher Columbus discovered America. To-day, in this new, rich land, where European civilisation first came face to face with the old native civilisations, the Toltec, Aztec, Maya, and the Inca, we are often astounded by the "modernism" of America.

The Continent is strewn with the ruins of temples which bear silent but eloquent witness to the glories of those bygone civilisations. Of the life of the peoples who lived there we know nothing, beyond what we can glean from the Chronicles of the Conquistadores, the men who came there in the service of their King, to seek for gold and set up the Cross, the symbol of their faith.

The vanquished Indian either succumbed or adapted himself as well as he could to the new beliefs and customs of his conquerors, but even to-day, a mysterious country still exists in the borderlands of Guatemala and Mexico, although it is situated only about a hundred kilometres from the Pacific and the same from the Atlantic.



IN THE MISTY HIGHLANDS OF CHIAPAS PROVINCE, SOUTHERN MEXICO: M. de Colmont pictured on the early stages of his trip when it was still possible to ride. Later he had to go on foot on account of the impenetrability of the undergrowth

THE LAND OF THE LACONDONS: A sketch map showing the part of Central America inhabited by this fast disappearing tribe of Indians

The country itself is completely covered by dense tropical forests which it is extremely difficult to penetrate. During the sixteenth century the Spaniards were compelled, in order to ensure their own safety, to send a military expedition against the Indians occupying this mysterious region, who were known as the Lacondons. This expedition failed to achieve lasting results, and another expedition, on an even larger scale, had to be sent in the seventeenth century. The Lacondons, who until then had lived in communities scattered throughout the forest, were grouped in villages built specially for them, the centre of which was occupied by the Church.

If we look at an up-to-date, accurate map of Central America—and not all of them are accurate—we find that the Lacondon country lying between the Lacondon River in the south, the Usumacinta River in the east, and the Jatate on the west, contains to-day neither villages nor roads, not even a trace of a path having survived. It is safe to say that since the last military expedition sent by the Spaniards, the Lacondons have lived in complete isolation in the depths of their inhospitable forests.

What has happened to-day to the descendants of these Mayan Indians? That is what we desired to find out.

THE GAY CAVALIER: Riding along the muddy trail through tropical forest on the borders of the Lacondon country. It was necessary to carry a machete in order to cut down the undergrowth which in places barred the way

The first stages of our journey to Mexico, into the country of the Lacondons, were easy. The train carried us to the Pacific coast in Southern Mexico, whence a car brought us as far as Tusla, the capital of the State of Chiapas. From there we continued our journey towards the east on horseback, the way leading across high plateaux, the majority of which are devoid of water, arriving at last at the edge of the tropical forest into which we proposed to force our way, at first on horseback and later on foot.

It is by no means an easy task to make contact with the Lacondons, whose numbers to-day can scarcely be more than 150 to 200, living in small isolated groups in the jungle. There are no tracks to connect these scattered groups with each other, so that the only method of progress is by laboriously cutting paths through the dense undergrowth and liana creepers with the aid of the machete. Huge trunks of trees lie rotting in the swampy ground, into which our feet sank at every step, making walking an exhausting procedure. Hot, humid days are followed by humid nights, which on account of the high altitude, are bitterly cold. No light finds its way from above into the dank depths of the forest, and it is possible to travel for days without emerging into daylight, while even during the so-called dry seasons, torrential rains are a by no means uncommon experience.

Meeting a Lacondon Indian for the first time is a startling experience. Long, black, matted hair hangs down to their shoulders, forming, as it were, a frame for their rather pale faces. They look you straight in the face, with an indescribable expression of sadness and trust in their eyes, but sometimes the expression in their eyes is ironical, and sometimes even cold and cruel. The Lacondons are of small build with thin limbs; but in spite of their appearance their resistance to fatigue and the agility with which they climb trees is apt to be disconcerting. Their attire consists solely of a wide, sleeveless, cotton shirt.

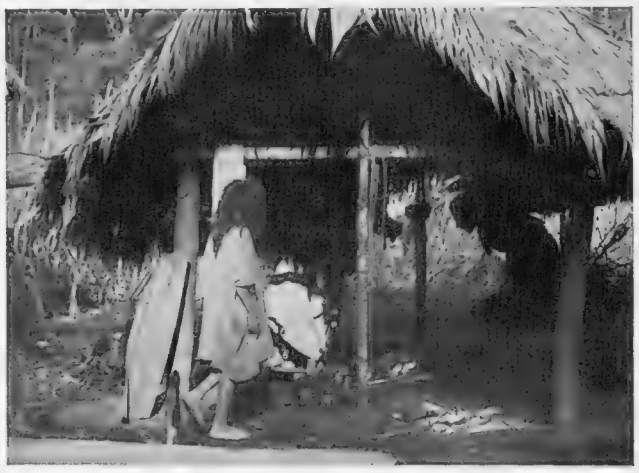
To build their villages the Lacondons burn a clearing covering several acres in the forest. They set up their tiny huts of palm leaves between the burnt-out trunks of the trees, their food consisting of sweet potatoes, cane sugar, and maize, which they cultivate in the clearing. In two or three years, however, the inexorable weeds and undergrowth of the jungle once more invade the clearing, and the Lacondons, who have no means of destroying them, move on to seek another home in the forest, where they burn a fresh clearing. As a result the villages are unceasingly on the move, although they are invariably kept at a distance of several days' march from other villages.

Each group never contains more than three or four men, the strongest of them being the

(Continued on p. 292)

IN A DESERTED LACONDON VILLAGE: Palm leaf huts abandoned by the natives, in accordance with their custom, when the clearing in which they were situated became overgrown with weeds and other vegetation

SURPRISE ENCOUNTER: The first of the Lacondons met by M. de Colmont during his trek through the jungle. He was particularly struck by his patriarchal appearance and the long black matted hair, forming, as it were, a frame for the pale face. The man immediately showed himself quite willing to be friendly



MAKING ARROWS: A native boy engaged in producing the slender shafts which he tips with flint chips, and, in some cases, poisons by dipping in the sap of a certain tree. *Below*—Wild cotton being spun into thread which is afterwards used in the weaving of the rough clothes worn by the people

THE TEMPLE OF THE LACONDON DEITIES: The palm-thatched hut where are kept the representations of Kin, the sun god, Okna, the moon god, Mour, the forest god, and Kak, the fire god. *Below*—An Indian child with a crude type of cigar which he is lighting with an ember from the fire

RETURN OF THE HUNTER A
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(Continued from page 291)

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IN THE LAND OF THE LACONDONS: Strange Dwellers in Central America's Jungle Fastnesses

IN THE JUNGLE TWILIGHT: The Lacondons are to a certain extent an agricultural people, but they depend in a large measure for their livelihood on their skill as hunters and fishermen. When fishing they use canoes hollowed out from tree trunks, and kill their prey with bows and arrows, a tortoise trailed beneath the water serving as bait

A native chief with a wild turkey which he had just shot in carrying a number of beautifully made arrows

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above all, the howling monkey, the unpleasant, sweetish flesh of which is highly prized by the natives. They hold the puma and jaguar in considerable awe, although it is generally agreed that unless they have been wounded these animals never attack a man.

These forests are the home of numerous snakes, the bite of which usually proves fatal. The Lacondons assert that no treatment is known for snakebite, although many of them survive after being bitten.

Apart from hunting, fishing also constitutes one of the chief occupations of the men. The Lacondons make canoes which they hollow out from huge tree trunks, and fish with bows and arrows, a tortoise tied to the canoe and kept under water serving as the bait.

(Continued on page 310)

A GIFT FOR THE WHITE STRANGER: A chief offers some of his catch to M. de Colmont on returning from a fishing expedition in his dugout canoe. Like so many of his followers he is in danger of succumbing to lung trouble brought on by the humidity of the forest, and it is thought that it will not be many years before the last of the Lacondons will have disappeared. Even now births are exceedingly few and far between

FINDING NEW HOMES FOR REFUGEES

A TOY FACTORY IN YUGOSLAVIA run by refugees who have been set up in business through a monetary grant from the Nansen Office at Geneva

WHATEVER one may think about the efficiency of the League of Nations in curbing belligerent parties, there is no question that it has done incalculable good in at least one direction. This is the handling of the millions of postwar refugees made homeless through no fault of their own by political upheavals in Europe. As I write, momentous decisions are being reached at Geneva in connection with the continued handling of this grave international problem. A Council of the League of Nations is sitting at this very moment to decide on the possibility of centralising the administrative control of these unfortunates. For, though the Nansen Office is far and away the largest unit dealing with refugees, there are also the Assyrian Committee dealing with nationals from that area, and the High Commission for German refugees of which Lord Cecil is the Chairman.

It is the Nansen Office which I have been investigating. Doctor Nansen himself has been dead for five years, but the admirable work associated with his name is becoming increasingly important and successful. It acts as a mixture of Doctor Barnardo and Mrs. Hunt to a million refugees in various parts of the world; and to its eternal credit the refugees under its control have a smaller percentage of unemployment—a matter of 20 per cent.—even than it had before the depression. When you consider that national governments invariably show a tendency to put the screw on the refugee when times are hard, the achievement becomes all the more remarkable.

We must now go back to the disaster of Denikin, Wrangel and Kolchak in 1920–21, when nearly 2,000,000 White Russians had to flee from Russia and concentrate themselves in the bordering countries of Finland, Poland, Rumania, and the new Baltic States; 100,000 more huddled together in Constantinople; another 200,000 trekked to China. The effect of this exodus into countries already impoverished, or else with brand new constitutions such as Estonia and Latvia, was evidently disastrous for all. The efforts of national governments and international relief organisations only touched the fringe of the matter. All they could do was to save the unfortunates from literal starvation. Things had become so bad by June of 1921 that the Council of the League of Nations was compelled to take the matter up, and decided that a High Commissioner of outstanding international personality and policy should be appointed to take charge of the problem. Thus it was that Doctor Nansen, the explorer, was elected. He decided that his first job, apart from the emergency relief work of philanthropic associations, was to enable refugees to help themselves. Many of them had friends and relatives in other countries who were willing to receive them and help them to reconstruct their lives, but as most of the refugees had left precipitately without papers, or else only with the papers of the old regime which were no longer valid, they could not move across the border.

It was necessary, therefore, to call a conference of all the interested Governments and to draft an identity certificate otherwise known as a Nansen Passport. Only Russia refused to recognise it. After recognition by over fifty different Governments the Nansen Passport enabled the refugees to be evenly distributed all over the world from South America to Australia. Four hundred thousand were transferred to France, where there was a great shortage of labour which was badly needed for reparation work. Yugoslavs, Poles, and other refugees were placed in the big French manufacturing concerns or on the land. Thus in Garonne you will find hundreds of Russians settled happily. You remember all those Russian taxicab drivers in Paris who at one moment formed 15 per cent. of that class in the capital? Well, they all owed their jobs to the Nansen Office. Many of you have heard the Don Cossack Choir now internationally famous. That choir also owes everything to the Nansen Office, and dozens of Russian princesses were set up in cafés and beauty parlours.

PROSPERING FAR FROM THEIR NATIVE LAND: Armenian refugees who have been established in the shoemaking business in the little town of Kokkinia in the Piræus

THE GEODESIST: A foreigner who has been found congenial employment in Belgrade by the Nansen Office

A RUSSIAN BAZAAR IN BELGRADE: A members of the community of exiles

EXILED RUSSIANS IN POLAND: A happy trio who are now running a successful grocery store—their vicissitudes at long last at an end

Scarcely had this problem been dealt with when the Smyrna disaster occurred in September of 1922, involving the exodus of 1,500,000 Greek and Armenian refugees. The Nansen Passport was extended to the Armenians, of whom 350,000 went to Greece, mostly to Salonika and Athens. Those of you who, like me, have visited Greece in the past three years will have seen how a complete town has sprung up, extending all the way from the Piraeus to Athens. The inhabitants are nearly all refugees. Other Armenians have settled in Syria. They perhaps have been the most successful experiment of all. They have prospered exceedingly, and in many cases have insisted on repaying money advanced to them in less than the five years time limit granted them.

In the case of the Greeks it was more difficult. Their native land was ready to receive and provide for them, but a sequence of wars had ruined Greek credit so completely that it was impossible to raise a loan to provide for the emergency. Doctor Nansen appeared before the League Council and insisted that as it was an international problem the League should guarantee a loan. The scheme was turned down. In despair the Nansen Office undertook to finance an experiment of its own. It transplanted 10,000 refugee fishermen, carpet makers, agriculturalists, and

The Remarkable Work Now Being Carried On by the Nansen Office at Geneva, the Purpose of Which is to Assist Those Who Have Been Driven from Their Native Lands through Political Upheavals

By CHARLES GRAVES

other peasants to Macedonia. After a few months it was able to show that the experiment was so successful that the League Council was convinced, and guaranteed a £12,500,000 Greek Loan, with the result that the problem of 1,250,000 refugees was settled for ever.

Four or five years later the Nansen Passport system was extended to include the Assyrian, Syro-Chaldean, and Turkish refugees who had been proscribed in the Treaty of Lausanne. At this stage when the boom was on, it looked as though the Nansen Office would be able to complete its

FROM PENURY TO PROSPERITY: An open-air restaurant at Dourgouti, Athens, which is run entirely by Armenians. Another result of financial aid given by the Nansen Office

A STRIKING TYPE: A Russian exile pictured on the quay at Marseilles

display of handicrafts made by various now settled in the Yugoslavian capital

humanitarian job within ten years, especially as there was a breathing space until last year when the Saar refugees came on its hands. There are 3,500 of these, and they are being transplanted to Paraguay at the cost of £30 a head. Each family of five persons is being given 35 acres, a small wooden house, the necessary agricultural implements, and seeds. They are also being fed for the first year.

You will notice I have skipped the German Jew refugees who came on the market, so to speak, in 1933. Germany, however, being still a member of the League at the time, naturally objected to a League organisation helping people whom they considered their enemies. A compromise was ultimately reached whereby the League nominated a High Commissioner who would at once be disowned, both financially and politically, by the League. Thus it is that 80,000 refugees do not come under the auspices of the Nansen Office, and are dependent on Jewish organisations to provide settlement schemes and relief funds.

Nansen having died, a governing body was created, twelve in number. The members include Government representatives, the International Red Cross, and various refugee organisations, with an Englishman, Mr. T. F. Johnson, as Secretary General. The Nansen Office, despite its multitudinous activities, has a staff of only ten persons at Geneva, though it has representatives in seventeen different countries, and is in fact the most extensive organisation in the whole League. These representatives act in the same capacity towards refugees as consuls do to their nationals.

AT THE CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD: These Russians were driven into China at the time of the revolution, and this picture was taken on their arrival at Marseilles when en route from the East to permanent homes found for them in Brazil

The tragedy is that the Nansen Office has to make bricks out of straw. In 1935 it received from the League budget only £17,000 for administrative purposes, though this is an improvement on the £4,000 granted in the first year. By various methods, however, a gross income of nearly £60,000 a year has been reached. These devices include the Nansen stamp imposed at the cost of 6s. 8d on each annual renewal of the Nansen Passport. Another scheme has been to persuade Governments to issue surcharge postage stamps, the way being led by Norway.

To-day it is estimated that a sum of £2,500,000 would completely clear up the international refugee problem; completely, that is, with the exception of the 900 pitiful Wandering Jews (though none of them is necessarily Hebraic) who are kicked from pillar to post, from one country to the next, without any hope of reprieve, and with a certainty of continued imprisonments through no fault of their own. Their plight is due to the fact that certain foreign Governments expel a refugee the moment he loses his job. If he cannot cross the border into another country (having no funds) he is at once imprisoned and then after his sentence, is forcibly ejected across the frontier. Here again he is sooner or later discovered as being without means and again is imprisoned. And so it goes on.

There seems to be no immediate hope for these unhappy vagabonds, though probably none of them has committed any crime against society. The others, however, of whom there are still 200,000 living from hand to mouth in China, Poland, Czechoslovakia, France, Germany, and Rumania, could all be transplanted to new homes in South America and elsewhere for the sum I have mentioned. Not only that. The money would within seven years at the outside be returnable to those who lent it, according to the Nansen Office procedure of repayment. Statistics show that up to date reimbursement has taken place to the extent of 87 per cent., although the screw has never been put on. But even at the present rate of progress all the remaining unemployed refugees should be absorbed within seven years even without the £2,500,000; unless of course, there is another slump.

A problem which would still have to be faced, however, is that of naturalisation. So far no Government has agreed to assimilate refugees in the mass. That subject is also being discussed at Geneva as I write. If an international status for refugees can be created, which would only be the ratification of the 1930 Convention, that is perhaps the most that the Nansen Office can expect, but at least it would shew the way to the final clean up of one of the saddest dumps left over from the great war.

BOUND FOR PASTURES NEW: A trainload of Russian refugees leaving Marseilles for Bordeaux, where a vessel was waiting to take them to Brazil

WATERLOGGED BRITAIN: The Prolonged Winter Rains Create a Serious Situation in the Countryside

A PHENOMENON ON WIMBLEDON COMMON: An unusual sight on one of the ponds which, after being swollen by the heavy rains, suddenly dropped to its normal level, leaving the ice-covered surface more or less suspended

On right—IN THE FLOODED ESSEX LOWLANDS: A motorist giving a cyclist and his cycle a lift over an inundated stretch of road—a typical scene in a county where conditions have been particularly difficult of recent weeks

THE SOUTH COUNTRY INUNDATED: An aerial picture of the Rother Valley, not far from Tenterden, where traffic has been dislocated, and immense harm has been done to the land. Since November conditions in the country have been growing steadily worse, and with January the wettest month for over half a century, the earth has become so waterlogged that work in field and garden is in many places almost at a standstill. The Thames, in particular, has been giving trouble, and the estimated flow at Teddington has been many millions of gallons a day in excess of normal for the time of year

Scotland under Snow

THE RUGGED GRANDEUR OF THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS: Looking across Loch Maree to the snow-clad heights of Ben Slioch (3,217 ft.), a beauty spot which, during his election campaign in Ross and Cromarty, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald referred to as one of the finest in the world. The Loch itself is famous for its sea trout and yellow trout. *Inset on right*—A climber ascending Stob Ghabhar, the great peak that dominates Black Mount Forest and lonely Rannoch Moor

PANORAMA ON THE ROOF OF SCOTLAND: Two climbers pausing near the summit of 3,500 ft. Stob Ghabhar and in the distance range upon range of snow-clad peaks including the faint outline of Ben Nevis, monarch of them all. Nearer is Buchaille Etive, in the vicinity of Glencoe, while away to the left are Bidean nan Bian and other peaks whose names are music to the ear of the enthusiastic mountaineer. While Switzerland has, of late, been sadly in need of snow and, until just before the start of the Olympic games, similar conditions were prevailing in Bavaria, Scotland has for once had its full share

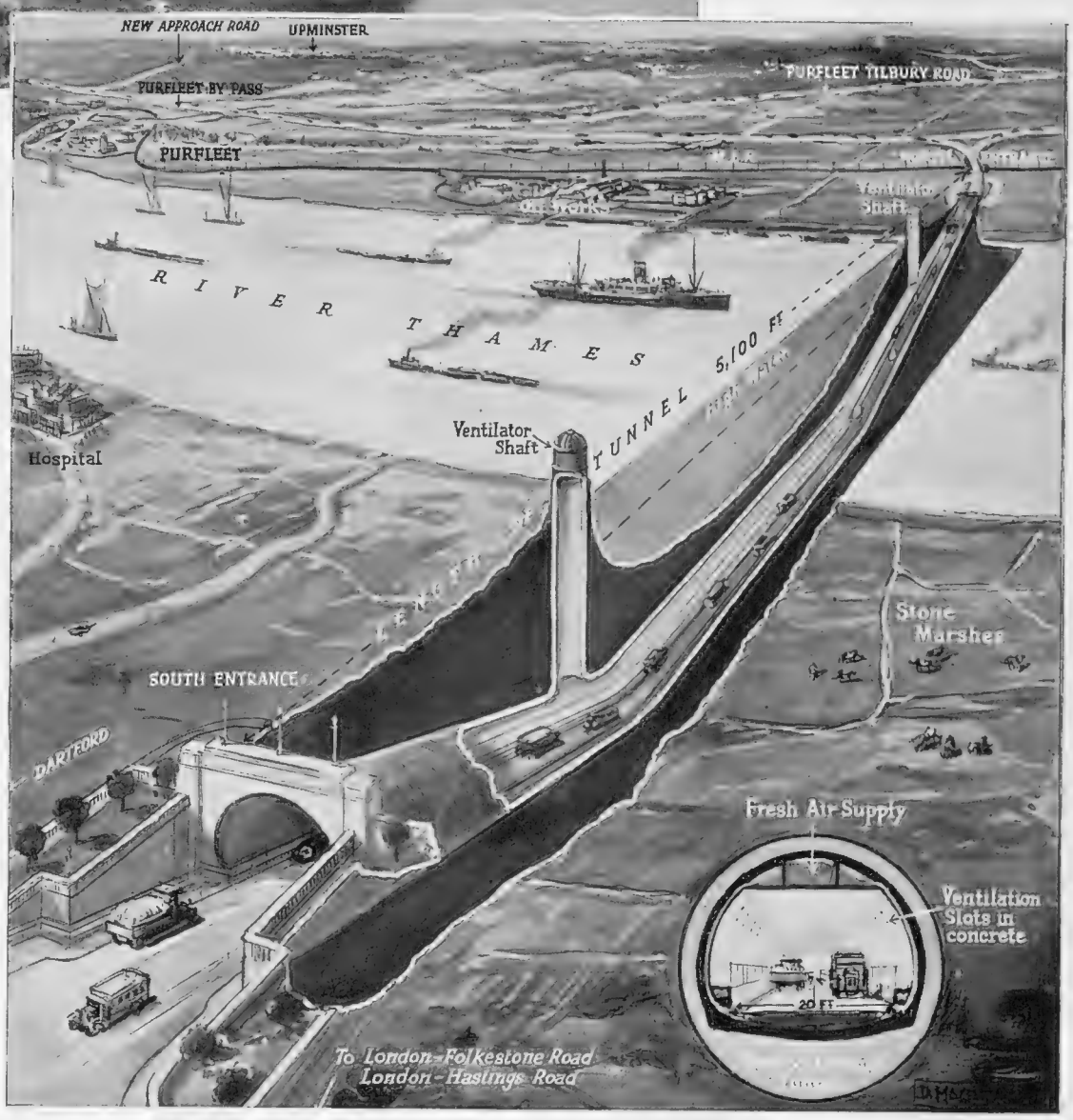
The New Thames Tunnel

The Ministry of Transport's Plans for a Mile-long Roadway Beneath the River near Dartford

THE SITE OF THE PROPOSED TRAFFIC LINK BETWEEN THE KENT AND ESSEX SHORES: A picture taken on the Dartford side of the Thames at the spot where the great £3,500,000 tunnel will be driven through. The final decision to proceed with the work was reached early last month at a conference between the Ministry of Transport and a joint committee of the Essex and Kent County Councils. Preparation of the plans was then well in hand and it was indicated that excavation was to be started this year. The site on the whole shows few engineering difficulties, except that the strata on the Purfleet side will necessitate the taking of some special precautions

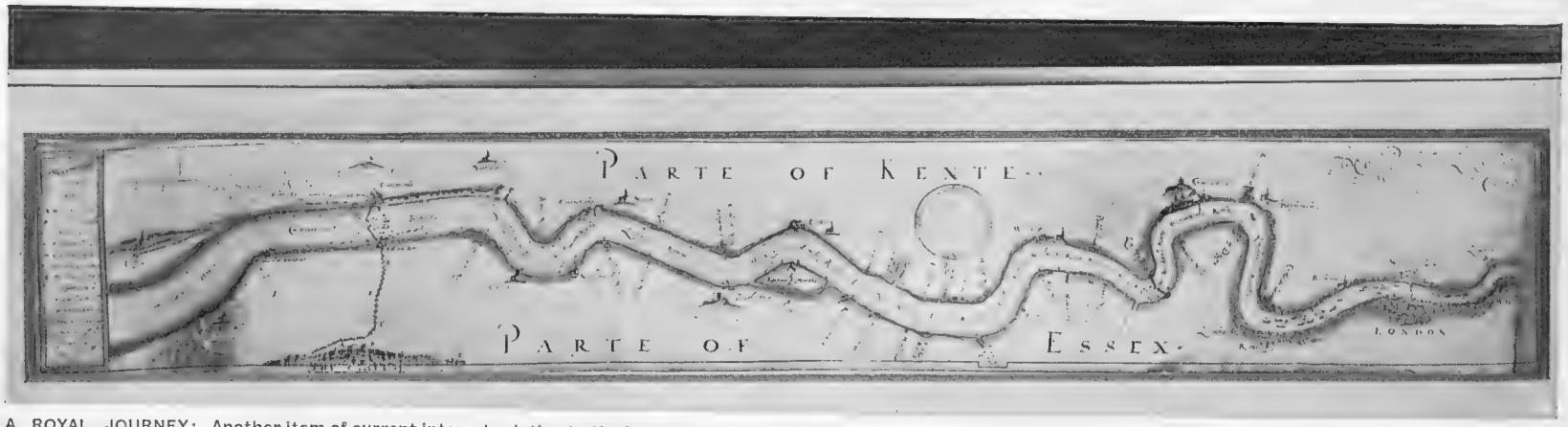
A Much Needed Artery

For many years past the need for a means of direct communication between the highway systems of Kent and Essex has been abundantly clear, and when it is considered that the population on the Dartford and Purfleet sides of the Thames increased by 29 per cent. in the ten years from 1921–1931 it is not difficult to understand why the Ministry of Transport is pressing forward its plans for the new tunnel with such speed. In addition, from Blackwall Tunnel to the mouth of the Estuary, a distance of about 35 miles, there is at present no facility for crossing the river apart from the ferries at Woolwich and Tilbury, thus creating considerable congestion farther upstream as a result of vehicles having to make lengthy detours. The carrying through of this vast undertaking will therefore be warmly welcomed, not only by the local authorities near the immediate site, but by trading and transport interests throughout south-eastern England, while there is also no doubt that it will have a beneficial effect upon London's traffic problems. The actual work of construction is to be carried out by means of a shield driven by compressed air through shafts over 100 ft. deep, 900 yds. apart, and sited on each side of the Thames. The top of the tunnel at its lowest point will be approximately 80 ft. below Trinity high-water, and the passageway will be of cast-iron and concrete segments, lined with concrete, the surface of which will be finished with a glazed waterproof material. The engineers are Messrs Goode, Wilson, Mitchell, and Vaughan-Lee, and Messrs Mott, Hay, and Anderson.



Specially drawn for "The Sphere" by D. Macpherson

THE SCHEME IN DETAIL: A sketch giving an idea of how the Dartford–Purfleet tunnel will appear when completed in approximately four years' time. The length will be just under a mile, there will be open approaches of a gradient of not more than 1 in 28, while the carriage-way will be about 20 ft. wide. Inset on right is a cross-section showing the separate passage-way in the roof of the tunnel through which the fresh air supply will be driven



A ROYAL JOURNEY: Another item of current interest relating to the lower reaches of the Thames is provided by this map which has recently been added to the already notable collection of historical maps in the British Museum and which shows (dotted line) the exact route from Westminster to Tilbury taken by Queen Elizabeth when she travelled by barge to inspect the camps organised to resist the Armada. It is the work of one Robert Adams, dated 1588, and is coloured

Stage and Screen IN EUROPE

Some Current Productions

ENGLISH HISTORICAL DRAMA IN HUNGARY: The vogue for the costume play is now at its height in Europe, and in several capitals this type of production is drawing infinitely larger audiences than modern comedies.

At the National Theatre in Budapest the latest success is *Henry VIII*, by Joseph Albrecht, with Anna Tökés (*left*) playing the part of Catherine Howard, the King's fifth consort, and (*above*) Ilona Titkos as Anne Boleyn, and Gyula Csortos as Henry

A CLASSIC SCREENED: Princess Kandou, a Cuban girl of royal blood, and George Rigaud in an episode from the French film, *Le Roman d'un Spahi*, which has been shot in Senegal and is based on the book by Pierre Loti, a record of the adventures of a soldier

"LA KERMESSE HÉROIQUE": Two "stills" from the French picture which has just been completed by Jacques Feyder whose wife Francoise Rosay plays the leading part and who is depicted (*right*) wearing a striking

Dutch costume of the early seventeenth century, and (*left*) speaking to the assembled populace from the balcony of the town hall of Boom while the Burgomaster stands behind, angered evidently at having for once to play second fiddle

The WORLD *of* BOOKS

Douglas Jerrold Analyses the Forces which He Believes are Leading Europe to the Brink of Destruction

TO READ Mr. Douglas Jerrold's challenge in THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD (Bodley Head. 6s.) is to be reminded of the time when the pamphlet was a potent and powerful weapon in the cause of what was known as liberty. Here is in truth a pamphlet worthy to stand beside classic examples of its type, could the author but have sacrificed the exigencies of modern publishing and stated his case with fewer redundancies.

Mr. Jerrold finds that the forces which are leading Europe to the brink of a war, which possibly Western civilisation may not be able to survive, are inherent in peoples and not in Governments. The last war was a "localised" clash between Governments; what we are heading for is the collapse of peoples whose leaders have lost contact with the foundations of the civilisation they have built. The League, the latest palliative of the politicians, is doomed to failure because it has no moral basis but is built upon the false premise of a rule of law. The liberal experiment has so "disintegrated that civilisation (Western) turned its faith into scepticism and buried the liberties and beliefs of its peoples under mountains of paper." The only hope is a return to a foundation of Christian belief which, in a manner in which the author does not make quite clear, will also secure economic liberty.

So we arrive at the magic word Liberty, throwing away Marxism, Bolshevism, Communism, Nazism, Fascism, Liberalism, and the League of Nations on the way and pinning our hope on a return to those Christian principles which are the foundation of whatever civilisation we at present enjoy. In doing so, naturally we rule out the hideous irreligiosity of the present regimes at Moscow and Berlin; and the author does not enlighten us as to what form of Christian coercion it would be necessary to use to bring Europe once more to its religious senses. When the churches cease paying lip service to the kind of fraudulent farce enacted at Geneva, or the Papacy comes down off its perpetual fence with the courage to stand four-square to the problems Mr. Jerrold states in this book, there may be some hope, but a few small voices baa-ing in the flock will not turn their faces towards the light if the shepherds persist in pretending that there is no darkness—no danger.

Whether one agrees with Mr. Jerrold or not one is grateful for some vigorous thinking and clear expression. And in case you are tempted to disagree too violently with him on the subject of the League I commend to your re-reading some words on that subject by Mr. Vincent Sheehan in *In Search of History*.

Liberty—but the accent is a little shriller—is also M. Romain Rolland's quest in I WILL NOT REST (Selwyn and Blount. 8s. 6d.). *Au-dessus de la Mêlée* will remind those of us old enough to remember that it was an international rallying point of pacifists during the last war. And the author practised what he preached; the intellectual should withdraw from all forms of militantism; one could admire the results of the Russian Revolution (fortunately few of the million and a half killed in the process sought or found their bloody ends on the peaceful shores of Leman). Non-co-operation and violence in India, but what a welcome guest is Gandhi under the shadow of Chillon.

Now M. Rolland has decided to change all that. Millions have died, answering his trumpet call, from the steppes to the bazaars. Now, things having settled down for a bit, he proposes to leap into the fray, shaking his furious fountain pen at an enemy that has long since gone home. And all in the name of Liberty, that ideal to which his whole life has been consecrated; that pillar which upholds the consciences of his friends Stalin and Gorky, who dish it out so plentifully to those happy "forced" labourers (in a more effete age they were called slaves) at present at work upon the White Sea Canal.

"Of the virtue in books," he says, "one is weary." In a belligerent old age he is going for somebody—something. So look out for squalls. Dare we prophesy that we shall find the result to be yet another book?

Although Miss Doreen Wallace's new novel SO LONG TO LEARN (Collins. 7s. 6d.) is a love story, and its structure is the well-known three-ply of husband, wife, and the other man, there are few tender moments in it. "Farmers don't have much truck with bliss," she said absently. "They're like the boy on the urn, never within grasping distance of any luck . . ."

Thus speaks the heroine to the man whose love she had in part taken, but in its completeness renounced. From him she had learned through the Grecian Urn how passion could be pent, and it was an easy lesson, for to her the thing which held her, body, soul, and spirit, was the land.

There is the real heroine of this book. If the old farmer behaves with crass selfishness to the daughter who helped pull him through the war years it was because his first and only love was the land, and that was something you couldn't pass on to womenfolk. When Edward Bartley married

"THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY CRUSADER": Eric Kennington's striking bust of Lawrence of Arabia which has been put up as a national memorial in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral and the dedication and unveiling of which took place a few days ago when Viscount Halifax, the Lord Privy Seal and Chancellor of Oxford, delivered an address from the pulpit, being, it is believed, the first layman ever to do so. In the course of his address Lord Halifax said: "Lawrence was the inspiration and fiery soul of the revolt which shattered Turkish misrule and made free men of the children of the desert. . . . He, more than most men, had, or acquired, the capacity to mould life instead of lending himself to be moulded by it. Here lay the secret of his command of affairs, over others and over himself. It is seldom that the direction of world events can be so clearly attributed to the dynamic force of a single individual"

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

Mary he knew that she was as good a farmer as he was, but service to the land demanded that a woman's place should be inside the farmhouse, and the fact that she could plough a furrow less than an inch off the straight was a phenomenon best suppressed in the interest of farming.

Young Ardwell, shell-shocked and with practically no capital, betrayed his lack of farming knowledge by buying Tod's Folly at a bargain price in a boom year. "Pigs and poultry," said Bartley scornfully, little dreaming that the day would be hard upon him when he wished he was in pigs and poultry instead of the owner of rich corn-land, which could not yield its keep. Ardwell brought brains and intelligence to an acquired love for that from which he was trying to wrest a living. In Mary and her husband there was the certitude of a knowledge of generations of farming forebears.

As the heroine of this book is the land, so its story is the tragedy of the decline of agriculture since the war. Betrayed by successive Governments, mulcted by the iniquities of a fixed tithe,

BOOKS RECEIVED

DENT.—GRETCHEN DISCOVERS AMERICA: A Story of Pre-War Types in After-War Life. By Helene Schen-Riesz. 6s.—MICHAEL AND HIS ANGELS. By Lewis Gibbs. 7s. 6d. PLAN FOR CINEMA. By Dalls Bower. 6s. A THOUSAND MILES UP THE AMAZON. By Ardaser Sorabjee N. Wadia. Illustrated 8s. 6d. DUCKWORTH.—SPINOZA. By Sir Frederick Pollock (Great Lives). 2s. LOVAT DICKSON.—THE LAST PLAGUE OF EGYPT. By Baron Harry d'Erlanger. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. HARRAP.—JAPAN'S PLACE IN THE MODERN WORLD. By Ernest H. Pickering. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING: The Memoirs of George Slocombe. Illustrated. 15s. HANDS. By Charles G. Norris. 8s. 6d. OUT OF THAT DREAM. By Katherine Newborg. 7s. 6d. OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.—MANUAL FOR SKI-BABIES. By Fritz Heinrich. 3s. 6d. SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS.—THE BOOK OF THE VAUXHALL. By Harold Jelley and F. J. Woodbridge. 2s. 6d.

Frederick Niven Writes a Vital Novel in Scottish Dialogue—Doreen Wallace's Latest Achievement

a stubborn and not easily-adaptable class of man found himself slowly being driven into bankruptcy. It is all very credible that Edward Bartley, proud owner of Goosewold Hall farm and Ivy farm which marched with it, a staunch Conservative, a taker of chairs at public meetings, and an aspiring J.P., should, after many years of unequal struggle, turn his farm into a battlefield, over which police and bailiff's men, tithe-resisters, Blackshirts, reporters, and cinema operators marched and countermarched. "Don't you realise," says Ardwell in an argument about de-rating, "that you will always be paying rates in the form of tithe? No one has ever repealed the law which said that one-third of the tithe—that's about half-a-crown an acre now—was to go to the poor. It's not the farmer's fault that the Church has been misappropriating that money for hundreds of years."

This is a hard saying, but it is only one of a whole string of injustices which the argument and action of this book set forth. If the reader can be moved to admiration for the fine character of Mary (even sparing a little for that honest boor, her husband) and some sympathy for the tragedy of Justin, he must yield completely to the sense of strength and grandeur in face of vicissitudes, to the indestructible spirit of the English countryside, and the men and women who serve it, which is Miss Wallace's main theme and considerable achievement.

The characters in NEVER IN VAIN (Collins. 7s. 6d.) by J. L. Hardy always seem to be spending sleepless nights. Not that Mr. Hardy's story is a study in insomnia; quite the reverse, it is swift and vigorous. Janet, for instance, "lay awake, so vexed that sleep would not come to her;" Andrew, on the other hand "slept most rottenly at nights," but perhaps that was because he had been through the war, collected a D.S.O. and a string of medals and was very nervy anyway. Or it may have been because he had been an active slayer of men in the ranks of the Black and Tans, but he had married Janet before that, and she had gone through all that blood, strife, and treachery with him.

Hence the insomnia, you might say, but certainly not in Janet's case, for her future sleepless nights were to be caused by someone who was "the flaunting spirit of youth. Huge eyes, of the lightest grey, but with a dark ring round the iris, blazed into his. He hadn't even known there were human eyes like that, or eyelashes of such a length. She had rather high cheek-bones, slightly hollow cheeks and her skin looked soft and thick. Her painted mouth was scornful and sulky."

Andrew was farming a few acres up in Norfolk and the goddess referred to was the wife of his landlord, another old soldier who was away at the South Pole because he knew something about the management of dogs. Enter a blackmailer who has something "on" the exploring husband, tackles the blonde goddess in his absence, and is duly put to death in the best Black-and-Tan manner in a hedgerow fight with Andrew.

So at last they all get some sleep for, as the story so nobly ends,

"On Flora of the noble heart, and Janet of the gentle heart, and Andrew of the stout heart, the faithful heart—upon them all, in that stillest of still nights, came down something that was like peace."

Mr. Frederick Niven is a poet, and no poet can write badly. When he stoops to writing a novel, as apparently stoop he must, he is apt to give the habitual reader of novels a treat, and force the lovers of better forms of literature to acknowledge his ability.

Mr. Niven has achieved an even more remarkable performance in OLD SOLDIER (Collins. 7s. 6d.), by making the reading of Scots dialogue alive, interesting and even pleasant to someone whose habit it is to fly from it in a book. Stewart Reid, his old soldier, is an Edinburgh man, and works there as silver polisher in a big firm of jewellers. The Reids are a happy family; the two boys, Charley and Alec, and their mother, Minnie, "in build and spread after the manner of a type seen in Rowlandson prints." Their story, too, for the most part, is a happy one of quiet home life, and holiday excursions to the sea and back by tram, with only one "refreshment" cautiously doled out to the old soldier, of everyday life in the shop, where the men sit polishing silver in the roomy basement, and exchanging time-honoured jokes.

Only with Minnie's illness the whole pattern of this familiar life changes, and their little world rocks. The unchanging quantity in this upheaval is Stewart Reid himself, and the book is as much his triumph as it is his story.

FOR *the* SPRING

Pastel Coloured Suits of Studied Simplicity

There can be no doubt that we, in England, will wear clothes that are restrained in character this spring and here, on the left, is the type of suit that is destined to have a great success. Made in grey flannel, with a single button at the waist, it is classically simple in design. During this month it is being made-to-measure at Waring and Gillow's, of Oxford Street, W., for six guineas, and it is also obtainable in many other materials and colours, and in three different styles

Less conventional, but equally neat, the suit above is made in a rough tweed in a lovely shade of powder blue. The collarless coat has rolled revers, closely stitched, and is fastened at the waist with a navy button. These continue down the front of the skirt, which unbuttons at the hem. A triangular scarf of soft checked wool is tucked into the neck. This also comes from Waring and Gillow, and the price is only four and a half guineas

With curved seams down the side and back emphasising its slender lines, and a twist of the material across the shoulders, the flecked tweed coat on the left is made in slate blue. It comes from Studd and Millington of 51, Conduit Street, W., where perfectly cut coats can be tailored from seven guineas. This one can be copied in many materials and is worn with a soft cashmere scarf

Peter Clark

The AMERICAN METROPOLIS *in* WINTER'S GRIP

On left—BROADWAY IN 1936: The myriad lights of theatres, cinemas, and advertisers flashing above the blanket of white which enveloped the city, causing considerable traffic dislocation but, incidentally, providing much needed work for the army of unemployed

NEW YORK—

In Victoria's Time and To-day

THE CITY'S POLICE IN 1870

An Artist's Impression

This drawing, which is taken from an early copy of *The Graphic*, the journal now incorporated with THE SPHERE, shows, according to a contemporary description, "a squad of policemen—a rougher and far less dapper-looking set than the London policemen—among whom you will recognise more than one palpably Irish phiz—is filing off in the foreground, some enjoying their favourite 'quid,' and all independent in mien and ready for duty at a moment's notice. The damsel in the group is daintily dressed in a fashionable street costume, and has the slight look so often noted in American girls. She is evidently quite used to the bustling and crowded street, and feels perfect security in walking alone unaccompanied by a gentleman escort. In New York everything is so very new and glaring," continued *The Graphic's* modern Columbus, "and even unsubstantial looking when compared with European streets. Everthing is so new and showy from the marble palaces of wholesale dry goods merchants to the churches and shops and theatres; the signboards are so big and blazing, often covering the houses from area to garret"

BROADWAY IN THE EARLY DAYS: A delightful engraving which, judging by the dresses of the ladies, dates from mid-Victorian times and which shows the famous thoroughfare after a typically severe winter snowfall such as that experienced in recent weeks. The sleigh bus is a particularly picturesque feature

On right—
MANHATTAN SNOW SCENE: A traffic policeman helping a woman across the road at the junction of 57th Street and Broadway during the recent snowstorm, the most prolonged and widespread that has occurred in the United States for many a day. More than half the country has been covered with snow, only the extreme west and south recording temperatures above freezing point, and intense suffering has been caused among the poor in many cities. Over seventy-five people are said to have died as a result of the great severity of the conditions

EFFECTIVE SCENERY AT THE GARRICK: Part of the action of *Page from a Diary* takes place on the North West frontier of India and very fittingly it has given it a dramatic stage setting. The distant peaks light up with the dawn at a critical moment of the plot The scene was devised by Peter Hildesley

Drama of the Week

On With the Dance at the Adelphi—The Dramatic Vitality of Claire Luce: Seymour Hicks Revives "The Man in Dress Clothes"

By PHILIP PAGE

"LOVE is a Dancing Thing" is the title of what I may call the "theme song" of Mr. C. B. Cochran's new and luscious revue, *Follow the Sun*, at the Adelphi Theatre. This, incidentally, is quite the prettiest—*c'est le mot juste*—tune I have ever heard in any revue, and to the composer, Mr. Arthur Schwartz, all of whose music, with one lapse, is more than attractive, I offer my sincere congratulations. "Love is a Dancing Thing" has a bar missing. That may be one of the secrets of its allure. But I would miss many bars to listen to it.

Mr. Cochran obviously thinks that, contrariwise, dancing is a lovely thing, "which nobody can deny." He has made it the *clou* of his show; very few episodes are not concerned with dancing, and these are not concerned with anything in particular, certainly not to any great extent with humour.

It was unfortunate that reasons of State, and good-feeling generally, necessitated the elimination of the main point from almost the only sketch that had any point at all. Mr. Vic Oliver, who does excellent work as what is technically known as a "front-cloth turn," has to arouse from their comatose provincialdom a dreadful family into which he is about to marry; he undertakes "to get them on their toes somehow," and his method eventually is, or was, to play "God Save the King" to them on the piano. The discreet substitution of "Rule Britannia," to the strains of which even Lady Houston would be likely to remain seated was one of Mr. Cochran's daily good deeds and it had to be.

The embarrassing results of letting small children say and do whatsoever they please were amusingly shown in another dramatic effort. About a farce-in-miniature dealing with newly-born babes and the income-tax collector I will preserve the same tactful silence that followed its performance.

On with the dance! The most convulsively, almost epileptically, rhythmic examples are contributed by some amiable folk with names and complexions like cigars. Who said that Cuba is a lazy place where the sun sucks away all energy and where the local inhabitants can make precious little effort beyond lying in it? Nordic health-culturists never moved with the dynamic vitality of these dusky folk. They went on and on and on—perhaps a little too long, though it was fun—and never seemed to tire.

They wriggled their tummies and what is on the other side of their tummies; they grinned and leered and smoked long cigars and one of them even won strange percussion noises from the jaw-bone of an ass.

Great folk, these Cubans. Yet greater than their eccentricity and their high spirits were the sinuous grace and dramatic vitality of Miss Claire Luce. I am wondering if there is another of our actresses—for Miss Luce's triumphs in London have been so many that she can be regarded as one of us—who can, as she has done, display all the light and shade of Guitryesque comedy, and a few months later fling herself with characteristic abandon and technical perfection into dance after dance, from the slick tap-dancing of convention to an episode, "Dangerous You," which she made a macabre tragedy by music of movement as well as by force of personality.

"Dangerous You" caused at the première an outburst of enthusiasm unprecedented, I fancy, in Cochranian annals; for however much audiences enjoy Mr. Cochran's shows—and it is indisputable that they do enjoy them—they rarely seem to depart from the notion that it is a breach of the prevalent sophistication to let it appear that they enjoy them. Miss Luce kicked that notion sky high—well-nigh literally in the case of "How High can a Little Bird Fly," a blithe little number, even if it is musically an example of how low can a composer go.

She also gives of her genius in the Sitwell–William Walton ballet about pheasant-shooting in the early nineteen-hundreds. Mr. Walton's clever music has the charm of honest vulgarity which is here the very essence of burlesque, and Mr. Frederick Ashton has devised some amusing choreography. The thing is slight but of good quality; one cannot roar with laughter at it, though one titters understandingly.

Will the costumes we wear to-day make theatre audiences in 1966 (if there are any) also titter understandingly? It might be interesting to theorise—or at least to speculate—at what point a costume of bygone days ceases to be funny and becomes merely beautiful or historically interesting. We did not, for instance, titter at the Hogarthian tableau of "Strolling Players in a Barn," after the well-known picture, nor at the later eighteenth-century costumes worn by Mozart and his friends in a scene in which Madame Irene Eisinger sang exquisitely some real Mozart, and Miss Betty Corcoran looked and spoke like a real princess.

We accepted as merely beautiful the costumes in the "Adoration of the Magi" (though I thought the German *baroque*, for which I did not greatly care, unduly emphasised) and in the Dickensian atmosphere of an 1845 winter realistic snowflakes included. These two scenes, by the way, will seem oddly untopical on the hot nights in July, when this beautiful revue should still be running, if beauty is to have its deserts.

There remain those sound actors, Mr. Frank Pettingell and Mr. Eliot Makeham, without, as I have indicated, abundant opportunity to show their soundness; the English prettiness of Miss Iris March; the comedy ability of Miss Betty Shale and Miss Ada Reeve, who was an idolised favourite when Edwardian costumes were not comic but *le dernier cri*: and the admirable direction of a good orchestra by Mr. Frank Collinson, who can tackle Mozart and Walton and Schwartz with equal, and fully justified, assurance.

"The Man in Dress Clothes."—Sir Seymour Hicks has revived *The Man in Dress Clothes* at the Victoria Palace. A wise policy, not only because revivals of this delicious piece have always proved successful but because here, even more than in *Vintage Wine*, this great actor is making us laugh one moment and cry the next.

The play is a jumble, of course. So, for that matter, is life, and, for all its sentimentality and coincidences, *The Man in Dress Clothes* is very near to life, except in that it is never boring. Miss Margaretta Scott has all the sweetness and repose necessary for the wife of the Comte d'Artois. The real Comte d'Artois, by the way, who died one

(Continued on page 310)

Drawings by Percy Home

A ROOM IN WESTMINSTER PALACE: A notable stage setting for the meeting of Mary Tudor and Philip of Spain in Wilfrid Grantham's play, *Mary Tudor*, now running at the Playhouse.

A THEATRICAL CONTROVERSY ARISING FROM THE PRODUCTION OF "MARY TUDOR": The long grey beard worn by Lawrence Anderson as the famous Bishop Gardiner, Lord Chancellor to Queen Mary, has aroused considerable discussion and the manager of the Playhouse Theatre has received a host of letters, some saying the beard is quite wrong in style, others maintaining that it is historically correct. Four well-known artists have drawn their impressions of the beard. First there is Starr Wood with a solution of the expression "kite face, 1554"; then there follows an equally lighthearted conception of the beard as an aviary by Stampa; to be followed by two serious impressions by B. Lawson and Hassall. The play, incidentally, is proving an immense success

ENTERTAINING LONDON

Some Theatrical Personalities

STAR OF "PAGE FROM A DIARY": Greer Garson, whose acting is the feature of this stirring drama by Charles Bennet, which was recently presented at the Garrick. Miss Garson's performances during the past eighteen months have earned her high praise and a great future is predicted for her. She is shown here in the Monte Carlo scene

MARKOVA AND ANTON DOLIN in the attractive eighteenth-century dresses designed for them by Motley and in which they appear in the new ballet, *Aucassin and Nicolette*, the most important work so far presented this season at the Duke of York's theatre. The choreographer is Wendy Toye, who gives the two leading players roles in which they have a real opportunity to display their talents

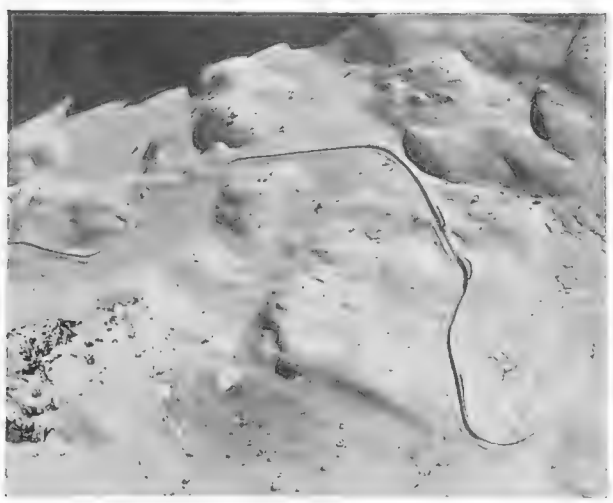
A POPULAR ITEM AT SADLER'S WELLS: Ursula Moreton and Robert Helpmann in *The Gods Go a-Begging*, which is proving one of the attractions in the ballet season at this theatre, where performances are improving consistently and, in the opinion of many, will soon bear comparison with those at Covent Garden

BLONDE LOVELINESS: Claire Luce, who contributes many of the entertaining dancing numbers in Cochran's new revue, *Follow the Sun*, which has come to the Adelphi Theatre after a successful preliminary run in Manchester. In addition to her talents as a dancer, she is also an actress of peculiarly subtle genius

A MIRACLE OF MODERN HIGHWAY ENGINEERING: Herr Oberbaurat Wallack (*left*), the builder of the remarkable new Grossglockner Alpine road which is thirty miles long and cuts through the Alps from Zell am See to Heiligenblut, Carinthia, thus opening up new areas for tourist traffic and incidentally providing a strategic military link between important Austrian Federal provinces. In the background is one of the entrances to the great three-hundred-yard tunnel

ON ALPINE HEIGHTS: Travellers admiring the scenery on their way over the Grossglockner road, which reaches a height of 12,000 ft. It cost £1,000,000 to build

IN MEMORY OF THE FALLEN: The chapel at Kanten, to commemorate those workers who died during the construction of the Grossglockner. Over 3,200 navvies were employed and it was opened last August by President Miklas



MAN'S PUNY TRAIL: An aerial view of the road through the Julier Pass, which the Swiss Government is endeavouring to keep open all the year round. It is the first north to south crossing of the Alps to be opened during the winter for motor cars

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

EVER since motoring started we have all looked forward to the day when the control of the vehicle will be reduced to a steering wheel and one lever or one pedal. For forty years no great development took place in this direction, but during the past few years there has been much activity amongst designers and inventors with the object of simplifying the clutch and gear-box controls. Many of these attempts at simplification have been successful. We have automatic clutches, fluid fly-wheels, preselector gear-boxes, and synchromesh gears, all of which work admirably and definitely do make motoring easier for the masses.

Not many years ago the Austin Motor Company announced that they were prepared to fix, at an extra cost, a new transmission embodying the Hayes self-selector gear-box. The announcement was not taken very seriously; in fact if it had not been that such a well-known company had been responsible for it no one would have taken the trouble to read the details; but even big companies sometimes make mistakes, and so when it was learnt that the Hayes transmission was, in effect, an automatic gear-box giving infinitely variable gears, the opinion of many was that the Austin Motor Company had been caught napping, and that the thing would very quickly be dropped. The truth of the matter, of course, is that this Hayes transmission is one of the biggest developments in motor car design since the beginning of motoring.

Last year I tried one of the Austin cars fitted with this transmission and now a week or two ago I was given a second opportunity of testing the device in its latest form. The car placed at my disposal was a 16-h.p. 6-cylinder Austin with a very roomy saloon body. The first thing I noticed when I took my seat behind the steering wheel was that the two levers, which were provided for the driver on top of the steering wheel in the 1935 model, had been replaced by one very much smaller, thereby simplifying the control which the driver has over the gear-box. Briefly, the action of the transmission is as follows:

The engine is started up in the ordinary way, the clutch pedal is depressed, and the small gear lever placed in the centre of the car is pushed forward to its one predetermined position. The clutch is let in gently and the throttle opened up in the ordinary way, but preferably the throttle should be pushed farther open than in the case of an ordinary car. The clutch takes the drive and the car moves forward. For all practical purposes, provided the throttle has been opened sufficiently at the beginning, the revolutions of the engine will remain constant by keeping the right foot on the throttle pedal, without varying its position. The car will rapidly gain speed though the note of the engine remains the same. If the right foot is taken off the throttle pedal, or the pressure it exercises lessened, the car automatically goes into a very high gear and the sensation is similar to that of free-wheeling. Should it be desired to bring the car to a standstill, then the operations which apply to any ordinary car are carried out and the car stops.

It is almost uncanny to drive one of these Austin Hayes cars and it is most interesting to see how the gear automatically drops when a steep gradient is encountered. An ordinary automatic gear-box would be wonderful enough, but when you get that plus thousands of gears all equally as quiet as top, the miracle is more than complete. The only criticism I encountered from my friends once the car was in my keeping was that it appeared to rob driving of much of its skill. Somehow or other I seem to remember that exactly the same accusation was made against the Wilson pre-selector gear-box and it was not until Sir Malcolm Campbell on his racing Sunbeam car fitted a Wilson gear-box, that the experts really began to think that driving with such a device could still be pleasurable and actually quicker. One of these days someone prominent in the racing world will fit a Hayes self-selector transmission and will win a big race as a result. Then everybody will want one. Even in the hands of an ordinary motorist, and with this Hayes transmission fitted on an ordinary touring car, the get-away from a standstill is so extraordinarily quick that few highly tuned motor cars could better the performance. The device certainly brings us closer to the day when we shall just steer and move one small lever or push a small pedal in order to make our motor car go. If an automatic clutch were fitted in conjunction with this Hayes transmission we could do away with the clutch pedal and the gear lever would only be required for the reverse.

The car itself, apart from the Hayes transmission, was well up to the usual Austin standard. Its six-cylinder engine turned over with a smoothness that made one wonder whether the price of the car in the catalogue was not the result of a printer's error. When ticking over it was quite impossible to hear whether the engine was running. The brakes had always the master hand over the car and inspired the driver with confidence that no matter at what speed he was travelling he could successfully get himself out of any unforeseen difficulties. The steering and the suspension were excellent and the coachwork was more than usually commodious. I was particularly pleased to note that there was not one rattle or shake in the body, which is an achievement on the part of the Austin coachbuilder.

It is a terrible confession to make, but it was only a few weeks ago that I made my first journey by car through the Mersey Tunnel. Several of my friends have made special journeys up to Birkenhead or Liverpool just to have this experience, and now that I have made the trip myself I appreciate that the experience is well worth a special journey from London, or even farther afield. The designers and engineers who are responsible for the Mersey Tunnel are certainly to be congratulated on the result of their efforts. They have certainly given motorists a wonderful stretch of road and have, as far as I know, for the first time been responsible for providing a track on which motor cars are invited to run, provided they go faster than 20 m.p.h.

For many years I have given it as my opinion in these notes that in years to come all such foolish speed limits as the present 30-m.p.h. restriction will be removed, and instead we shall see the police chasing people who are driving too slowly. It is, therefore, good to see that two of the four tracks through the Mersey Tunnel are reserved for vehicles that are not travelling at less than 20 m.p.h. The ventilation and the lighting are all that can be desired, but I do not like the rows of short posts let into the ground which divide one track from another. True, these posts appear only at the entrance, but as the tracks curve at these parts it is no easy matter in a car having a fairly wide track to avoid hitting one or more of these obstructions as the bend is taken, particularly at a speed in excess of 20 m.p.h. If the posts were painted a brighter colour or were made taller driving would be greatly simplified.

THE GIFT GRACEFUL: Miss Rosemary Stanley and her new "Flying Standard 20" presented to her by her uncle, Sir Arthur Stanley, G.B.E., C.B., who has just announced his intention of relinquishing the chairmanship of the Royal Automobile Club, which he has held for twenty-six years

During the last racing season a small number of fairly prominent race drivers got into trouble with the police, but there were many occasions on which celebrations after race meetings became far too boisterous, although the participators did not go far enough to come within reach of the authorities. Unfortunately, the newspapers consider there is a great news value in any story which can be written round a racing driver, whether the individual has won the Grand Prix de France or has driven in a Club's Members' Day at Brooklands. The result of all this unfortunate publicity which has been given to the misdeeds of the few was that people connected with motor racing were becoming rather worried as to whether anything could be done to check this tendency to rowdyism.

I am glad to say that the R.A.C. have tackled the problem and have passed a new competition rule which automatically makes a driver ineligible to compete in any open competition unless he is in possession of his road-driving licence. If this has been removed from him by the police authorities his competition licence is withdrawn and will not be re-issued until the road-driving licence is restored, or he has been successful in persuading the Competitions Committee of the R.A.C. that the offence causing the trouble was not one which brings the sport of automobilism into disrepute. I feel certain that this new rule will check this tendency to rowdyism which has only just manifested itself in an unpleasant manner during 1935.

SUPPER FOR MR. DISRAELI

20th Nov. 1837

"So, after all, there was a division on the Address in Queen Victoria's first Parliament—509 to 20. The division took an hour. I then left the house at ten o'clock, none of us having dined. The tumult and excitement great. I dined, or rather supped, at the Carlton with a large party off oysters, Guinness and broiled bones, and got to bed at half-past twelve o'clock. Thus ended the most remarkable day hitherto of my life."

From a letter written by Disraeli to his sister Sarah. Quoted in Monypenny's Life of Disraeli, Vol. II, p. 7.

GUINNESS AND OYSTERS ARE GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.575.A.

BEING PREPARED: In order to minimise the effects of future earthquakes in the Quetta area, barrack buildings are now being modified and, as the pictures above and on right show, the weight of roofs is now being transferred from the walls to wooden uprights which could better withstand an earth tremor. A fuller description of the operations appears below

FOLLOWING the disastrous earthquake at Quetta last May stringent measures are being taken to avoid loss of life in any future ones which may occur in Baluchistan, and, owing to the fact that the epicentres of earthquakes in this part of the world tend to move northwards, Chaman, on the Afghan border, where the accompanying pictures were taken, is being included in the area in which safeguarding measures are being carried out. No military personnel is allowed to sleep in buildings which are not converted. The conversion consists of lowering the roofs and supporting most of their weight on wooden uprights which, being flexible, would merely sway if shaken by an earthquake instead of collapsing. The method of carrying it out is both ingenious and simple. Rough wooden hollow pillars, with a trap-door at the bottom, are filled nearly to the top with sand, and on this sand are stood wooden uprights fixed to the beams of the roof. The tops of the walls are then knocked away down to the required height, the weight of the roof then being taken by the wooden uprights. Then, at a given signal, the trap-doors at the bottom are opened, and, as the sand runs out, the roof sinks down until it once more rests upon the walls. Subsequently, the wooden pillars to take the weight of the roof are put in.

C. H. C.

The Restoration of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre

Christendom's Most Sacred Shrine

THE historic Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, marking the alleged spot of the crucifixion and burial of Our Saviour, is sorely in need of extensive repairs. The dome over the Greek Cathedral (Catholicon) was badly cracked during the earthquake of 1927. Since then various attempts have been made to repair the damage, but it was clear that something much more drastic was required if the building was to be saved from collapse. The Palestine Government thereupon called upon Mr. William Harvey, the British architect and an expert on domes, to survey the structure and make a report. Other experts have likewise examined the building, including Signor Maragoni, the well-known Italian architect on behalf of the Latin or Roman Catholic Church, and Professor A. Orlandos and Professor B. Paraskevopoulos of the University of Athens on behalf of the Greek Church.

Mr. Harvey spent over two months surveying the structure and found it necessary to carry out certain work at once if the building was to be saved from collapse. The dome over the Greek Cathedral was partially dismantled to relieve the thrust upon the walls and the principal façade of the building shored up. Mr. Harvey has now drawn up a comprehensive report detailing the repairs which he considers essential, and they are now being considered by the Palestine Government in consultation with the representatives of the six different sects who worship in this building, namely, the Greeks, Latins, Armenians, Copts, Syrians, and Abyssinians, the Greeks and Latins owning the greater part of the building. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre in fact is a great rambling edifice consisting of several churches and chapels under one roof.

Mr. Harvey's recommendations, if carried out, would do much to restore the great edifice as it appeared at the end of the twelfth century. In the lengthy and elaborate report he has drawn up he fails to make any mention as to cost. Those on the spot capable of forming an opinion declare it would mean an outlay of £75,000 to £100,000.

The problem before the Palestine Government is a perplexing one. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is naturally regarded as the most sacred of all Christian shrines and something must be done to preserve it. But who is to bear the cost? It is felt that it should not fall upon the country, but upon the various churches worshipping in the building.

H. J. S.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE JERUSALEM, AS IT IS TO-DAY with the dome partly dismantled to relieve the thrust on the walls and with the main façade shored up

IN REMEMBRANCE: This wreath, in the form of a harp and composed of Welsh daffodils, English roses, thistles for Scotland, and shamrocks for Ireland, was among the tributes sent to Windsor on the King's death. It was from the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir

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SHORTEST ROUTE TO AMERICA

STANELLI'S 'STAG 'PARTY is one of the most popular acts on the air, as well as in variety programmes, but, when it is heard over the wireless, it must now be called the "Bachelor" Party, owing to B.B.C. restrictions. The Stag Party starts a tour of the variety houses on February 17, following a preliminary week (January 20-25) held in Manchester. This group shows (*left to right*) the host Stanelli, Leonard Barry (producer), Jim Emery (the batman), Tommy Russell, Bob Harvey, Al Harvey, Ernest Marconi, and Norman Long. Marconi and Russell are a well-known American act, and Al and Bob Harvey are two clever comedians

IN THE LAND OF THE LACONDONS (*Cont. from p.* 293

The most important task, however, which devolves upon the men is that of invoking the gods. Their gods are closely allied with the divinities of the Mayan Indians, who inhabited the province of Yucatan in the days when the Spaniards first came.

At that time the Conquistadores were struck by the cruel nature of some of the Indians' religious rites. Many a Spaniard captured by the Indians met his death as a sacrifice to Maya gods. The Chronicles of that time relate how, in connection with certain rites, a white mark made over the victim's heart served as a target for the arrows of the officiating priests. On other occasions they tore out the victim's heart or else flayed their victims alive, the priests donning their skins. At Chichen Itza, when the region was ravaged by drought, young virgins were thrown alive into a natural abyss as a sacrifice to the god of rain.

Little would appear to have survived of these cruel practices with the Lacondons of to-day.

Their chief gods are Kin the Sun, Okna the Moon, Mour the Forest, and Kak the Fire, which they represent in the form of small cups, modelled and coloured in baked earth, which they keep in a special hut, to which access was for a long time refused to us.

The chiefs of each family—and they alone—possess idols. These idols are personal to each of them, although they represent common gods. Their method of invoking the gods consists in chanting a solemn invocation, during which they burn copal in the cups. When performing this rite the faces of the officiants are expressive of intense anxiety. The most frequent prayer of the Lacondons is for the return of fine weather, because on account of the humidity of the forest they contract diseases of the lungs, from which the majority of them die very young, this being especially the case with the males. Food of the same kind which the Lacondons themselves eat is placed in the temple. It seems that occasionally the gods refuse to eat it, in which case the whole village has to fast as well.

The conception formed by the Lacondons of the world is extremely picturesque. They imagine that the earth extends only just beyond the boundaries of their forest, which they never leave. Although they are aware that other men are living all round them, they have no desire for any contact with them, and carefully refrain from visiting the other people's villages or from making tracks which might betray their own presence.

The Lacondons believe that the sun rises every morning from a cave in the east and returns each night at sunset to another cave in the west.

The Lacondons also believe in a better world, in which they will all be reunited on the Last Day. The Last Day, they believe, will be announced by an earthquake of great violence. Shortly afterwards, countless jaguars will leave the forest, and devour those who have survived, who will then rejoin the dead dwelling in the Sun, for it is there that the Lacondons imagine their paradise will be.

In a few years' time, the last of the Lacondons will have disappeared; even now births are exceedingly rare. It is impossible to think without sadness of the impending death of this race now that, as in our case, it has been possible, if only for a few short weeks, to share in their strange life.

Bernard de Colmont

DRAMA OF THE WEEK (*Continued from p.* 304)

hundred years ago this next autumn, must have been rather like the part Sir Seymour plays so brilliantly. Miss Phyllis Thomas and Miss Marjorie Brooks supply intelligence as well as decoration.

"Storm in a Teacup."—A storm in a teacup is usually dismissed briefly, and that is how I propose to treat the play of that name, adapted from the German by James Bridie, which made a lot of people, including a lot of Scots, laugh long and loud during its first performance at the Royalty.

I was among the laughers, though I did not laugh either long or loud. The joke struck me as thin and trivial and a little forced, an opinion which may indicate to the *fortissimo* cachinnators who surrounded me that I was not able to see it. Be that as it may, the development, indeed the whole transportation from a German small town to a Scottish one has been carried out most ingeniously, and the trial scene, with Mr. C. M. Hallard as judge came near to rivalling the trial scene in *Pickwick*.

Miss Sara Allgood, very Irish in very Scottish surroundings, contributed a richly humorous character-study and several scenes with an amusing dog. Mr. Ian Maclean as a not in the least amusing dog, successfully tackled the difficult job of acting a bore to the life without *being* boring, and Mr. Roger Livesey made a quixotic young journalist—almost the first journalist I have ever seen made the hero of a play—life-like. Only the quixotism of the character failed to ring true.

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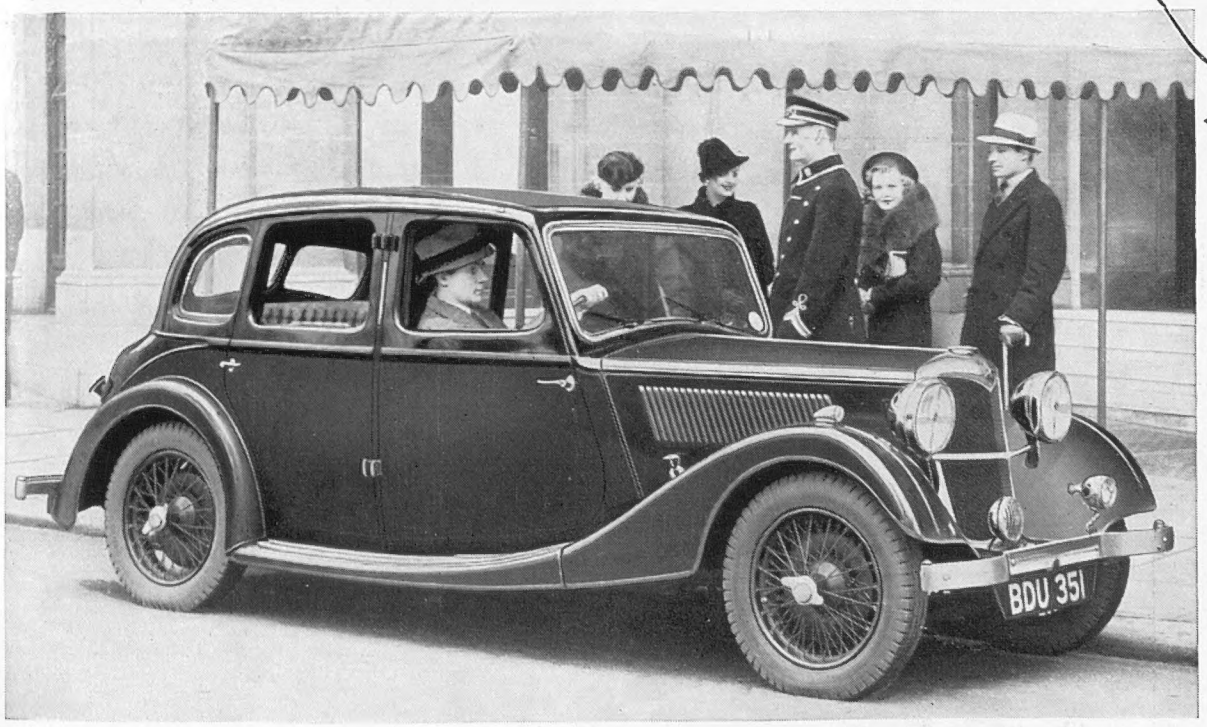

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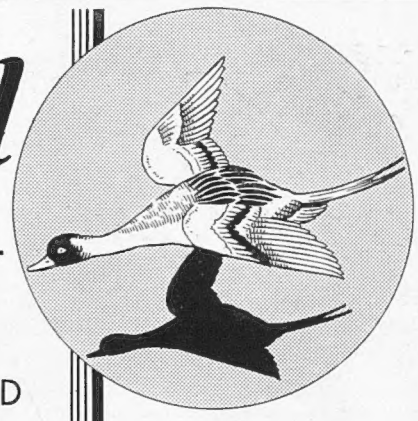

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of cover)

K., Yorks. (Sea trip).—The Pacific Steam Navigation Co. runs a monthly cargo service to the west coast of South America, the return fare being £60 or £70. The round trip takes 3½ months, the boats carrying only twelve passengers. Calls are made at Panama, Buenaventura, Guayaquil, Paita, Pimental, Salaverry, Callao, Pisco, Mollendo, Arica, Iquique, Tocopilla, Antofagasta, San Antonio, Valparaiso, and Talcahuano, and occasionally at Las Palmas, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Bahia Blanca, Port Stanley, and Magallanes. The Glen Line runs a fortnightly service to Penang, Port Swettenham, Singapore, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Dairen and Japanese ports. The return trip, which takes from 3 to 4 months, costs £115, the ships carrying from twelve to thirty passengers.

N., Mon. (Spain).—The coast of Galicia is very attractive, and an ideal holiday centre for those who like good bathing and somewhat strenuous walking. The four major inlets, Vigo, Pontevedra, Arosa and Muros run inland for a considerable extent, and it is possible to make many delightful excursions by boat, though there are few organised trips of this kind. You could stay at either Bayona, La Toja, or Sanjenjo, the latter being a smaller and simpler resort than the first two mentioned, and we think more suited to your requirements. The boats of the Royal Mail line call at Vigo, the return first class fare from England being £18, by the class "A" vessels. A resort on the Mediterranean coast of Spain, similar to Sanjenjo, is Tossa, situated between Barcelona and the French frontier. The bathing there is excellent, and the scenery very pretty, giving ample scope for interesting walks. Tossa is reached via Paris and Gerona, passengers alighting at the latter and taking a local train to Llagestera, from where it is a bus ride to Tossa. The return 2nd class fare, not including the cost of sleeping berths en route, is about £14 5s., via Dover–Calais. For your accommodation there is the Hotel La Terraza in Sanjenjo and the Casa Steyer in Tossa, both of which quote very reasonable rates.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

R., Durham (Germany).—Most of the German North Sea bathing resorts are situated on small islands of the East Frisian and North Frisian groups. In the former, the only one possessing a golf course is Norderney, which has an 18-hole course. The island is reached by rail and steamer via Bremen and Norddeich, or direct by steamer via Bremerhaven. In the North Frisian group there is a 9-hole course at Sudstrand on the island of Fohr. Fohr is reached by steamer from Bremerhaven or Hamburg, or by rail and steamer via Hamburg, Niebull, and Dagebull-Hafen. Excellent surf-bathing can be had at all the North Sea bathing resorts, the air being extremely bracing. There is not much scope for making excursions on any of the islands, which on the whole are rather barren, and we doubt whether you would consider it safe for a young child to swim alone in such strong waves. For these reasons we would suggest that you visit Travemunde, a bathing resort on the Baltic coast, where there is an 18-hole golf course. The surrounding country is wooded, and offers some scope for walking, while excursions can be made to the interesting old town of Lubeck, Kiel, and through the pretty countryside of Holsteinische Schweiz. There is a good sandy beach at Timmendorferstrand, a resort a few miles north-west of Travemunde. Travemunde is reached by rail from Hamburg, via Lubeck, the journey taking about an hour. The Argo Line run sailings from Hull to Bremen every Tuesday and Friday, but if you propose to visit Travemunde you would find it more convenient to travel by their Hull-Hamburg service, with sailings every Saturday.

B., Lincs. (Corsica).—There is a good sandy beach at Calvi on the north-west coast of Corsica. It is an interesting old town, and an excellent centre from which to make excursions. There are several hotels there, the best being the Calvi Palace. In the interior of the island Corte is a good centre from which to explore the lovely surrounding country, all the main roads passing through or near the town. The best hotel there is the Parc. The scenery of Corsica is very beautiful, and the P.L.M. run a good service of motor-coaches throughout the island, by means of which you can explore the coast and the mountain towns. The Fraissinet Line run a weekly service from Toulon to Calvi, leaving the former at 7 p.m. on Saturday, arriving at Calvi at 5 a.m. on Sunday. The same line runs services from Marseilles and Nice to Ajaccio, Bastia, and other Corsican ports.

K., Belfast (P. and O. Cruise).—The *Viceroy of India* of the P. and O. Line is making a cruise up the Mediterranean, leaving Southampton on August 29, the fares for the twenty-one days' cruise ranging from 36 guineas. Ports of call include Bizerta, Malta, Istanbul, Athens, Santorin, Algiers, and Lisbon. If you wished to have an opportunity of visiting Palestine you could join the cruise which the *Strathaird* is making from Southampton on August 22, the fare for this twenty-days' cruise ranging from £33 first-class. Ports of call include Malta, Port Said, Haifa (for Nazareth and Tiberias), Jaffa (for Jerusalem) Algiers and Lisbon. The *Strathnaver* is also making a Mediterranean cruise, with calls at Haifa and Jaffa for Palestine, commencing on May 15. The 1st class fare for this twenty-one days' cruise ranges from £33.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

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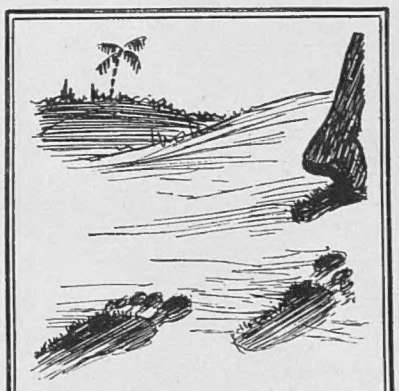
NATURE'S S.O.S

When your system is clogged, Nature sends you an S.O.S. A tired feeling, a headache, are warnings you must heed. They are caused by intestinal stasis, and will be followed by more serious disorders if you do not at once take a safe and gentle laxative. Tamar fruit laxative lozenges are not habit-forming. Their mild yet thorough action soon restores your system to its normal activity.

From all good chemists, including Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors—3/- per box of 12 lozenges. If any difficulty in obtaining, write to Guyot-Guenin & Son (Dept. S.1.), 59, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

Q 5



FAMOUS FEAT!

His footprints saved Man Friday from finding himself in a stew. And so unlucky Friday became lucky Friday! If you leave PURITAN footprints you, too, will be saved—quite a considerable expense in shoe repairs!

PURITAN LEATHER SOLES

For Longer Wear & Greater Comfort

Puritan Tanneries Ltd., Runcorn, Cheshire

CVS—106

An OPTICAL ILLUSION

These two bulls are the same size although they do not appear to be so

There is NO ILLUSION about

BOVRIL

it is always the same